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ALBERY'S NEW PLAY HISSED.

THE UNFORTUNATE DRAMATIST TREATED WITHOUT MERCY--A GRAND NIGHT AT THE OPERA---THE METROPOLIS ILLUMINATED IN HONOR OF THE QUEEN—ROYALTY IN THE CONCERT-ROOM.

LONDON, June 1.---London was illuminating herself in honor of the Queen's Birthday on Saturday night as I bowled along through her busy streets to the famous little Vaudeville Theatre, in the Strand. Col. Mapleson had just shed the radiance of an electric lamp on the Haymarket, the clubs were turning on their gas stars, royal tradesmen were superintending the firing of royal mottoes and devices, and the London rough, with his squirt and his "back surpriser," was sailing forth "on pleasure bent." There was a thorough Saturday night flavor about the carnival-like manifestations. Down the Haymarket, along Pall Mall, past Trafalgar square, I pull up at the Vaudeville, dear to the memory of Our Boys. It is ten years ago this month since James Albery, then an unknown author, astonished the town with The Two Roses at this very theatre. To-night, almost as a veteran, he is expected to show us once more that the art of English comedy writing is not extinct. The management has had a rough time lately. Our Girls did not succeed, Cobwebs failed, other pieces had done nothing to restore the fallen fortunes of the house, but Albery is in commission. For months he has been hard at work on a new comedy, and to-night James and Thorne are to see daylight once more. It has been given out that the actors like the play, and Albery is a picture of ruddy hope and pleasant arrogance as he enters the theatre with his young wife and takes his seat in the stage-box.

The comedy is called Jacks and Jills. I tip "the neat-handed Phillis" who gives me my programme. I find the cast is as follows:

John Bunbury (a manufacturer) Mr. Henry Howe
Major McGullup.....Mr. W. H. Vernon (Specially engaged.)
Mr. Kannicote, (Bunbury's old friend and solicitor)....Mr. John MacLean (His first appearance at this theatre.)
Samuel Irwin } Bunbury's } ..Mr. W. Herbert
Edward Irwin } Clerks. } Mr. David James
Pawle (Bunbury's Butler)Mr. Thomas Thorne
Mrs. McGullup.....Miss Cicely Richards
Miss Cecilia McGullup....Miss Sophie Larkin
Miss Alice McGullup..... ..Miss Ewell (Her first appearance at this theatre)
Alice } Bunbury's } .....Miss Kate Bisop
Cecilia } Daughters } ....Miss Marie Illington

I look round the house. It is full. All the critics are here, including Mr. Sarcey from Paris. The curtain goes up on a pretty "set," a room in Bunbury's house. The leading artists come on one after another and have hearty receptions. They are all capitally made up. They say smart things. The audience laughs. Once or twice they appland. "The world is a see-saw," says one of the actors, "and they see most at the bottom who saw least at the top." Nobody stops to inquire what the epigram means. Other witticisms follow, some "Alberian," some otherwise. Every character has points of nicely-balanced identity. The dialogue suggested a neat complication of narratory interest. The McGullups are snobs. The Misses are gushing spinsters in love with anybody. Bunbury's daughters are pretty innocents in love with his clerks. These two young gentlemen are the sons of a dead inventor through whom Bunbury has made his fortune. Bunbury is a good fellow, and has determined, "on the quiet," to take them into partnership. Mr. Kannicote is a Scotch lawyer, who objects to his client doing anything of the kind. Major McGullup is a sponge. He discovers Bunbury's insane intention, and soon after the arrival of the clerks, whom he does not know, exposes Bunbury's generous views toward "two young cads," and the clerks turn round on him defiantly, telling him who they are; and this brings down the curtain on the first act. There has been an incidental love-scene between Alice and Sam, in which Sam tells Alice that Teddie, who is a fool, has found out that her father does not know of their engagement, whereupon they agree to break it off and start afresh. These are the incidents and possibilities that impress themselves on the attentive mind. The actors are called; the play is fairly started; the critics go out and have a drink, the general view of the first act being, "Well, not much so far, but the next acts will be stronger, of course." Mr. Albery, contented with the progress of the piece, goes forth with a friend to stroll and talk of plays and "construction" until it is time for him to return and accept the laurels of a new triumph.

While he and his friend are promenading under the electric lights on the Thames Embankment; while the tide is slipping out in dark mysterious eddies to the sea; while Albery's hopeful anticipations of fame and wealth are going out also with the tide in dreams of calm sweet rest on Continental shores, his Jacks and Jills, whom he had seen fairly traveling up the hills, are "tumbling down" again amid the derisive laughter and jeers of an utterly demoralized house. Happy author, walking by the river, discounting a pleasant Summer of well-earned holiday! Wretched little wife in her box, shrinking behind the curtains while rude voices assailed her husband's work, and a critical pit wants to know "what the deuce it's all about." I am going to attempt to tell the story. It is sufficiently suggested in my notes on the first act. The idea is to get the proposals of the clerks for the pretty young girls received in error by the foolish spinsters, and the mistake to be discovered after many family complications at the last moment. But characters come and go, enter and exit, in the most unmeaning way. Little things are dwelt upon with tiresome minuteness. Small jokes are painfully elaborated. The audience, from impatiently calling out, "Go on with your story," angrily calls for the curtain to be dropped. It always happens when a play goes wrong that the dialogue is full of lines from which gods and "pitites" score rapid repartees. "This must not go on," says Sam. "No, it mustn't," shouts the gallery with a derisive laugh. "What does it all mean?" asks Teddie. "What, indeed," shrieks the pit. "It must be explained," says Sam. "Who's to do it?" shouts the gallery amid cheers and laughter and cries of "shut up," "curtain," and other terrible rebukes, which feel like blows upon the struggling artists. Unconscious author, on the Thames Embankment talking merrily to this friend, firing off witticisms to the desert air that he should have put into his comedy. He believes he has written a good play. Perhaps he has. It is funny, I believe, to read, bright, amusing, and racy; but in action it is thin, weak, unmeaning; and yet it has been rehearsed and pronounced "stunning" by all concerned. Poor happy author, walking and talking the time away. He might almost have heard the jibing throng in the little theatre if he had stopped to listen.

At last Mr. James, the Teddie of the comedy, can stand it no longer. He comes out of the scene to the footlights. "Ladies and gentlemen," he says, in a pathetic and pleading voice, "this is hardly fair; we are trying to do our best, and I do think you are treating us badly." The appeal is answered at first by one voice: "You should have thought it out first and not produced such stuff," and then James, standing looking at the house, is greeted with a ringing burst of applause, ending with a loud shout of "Go on, go on!" Singularly enough, the next line in his part is, "We are not here to be insulted!" and it is greeted by a fresh round of applause. Then an ill-advised, not to say vulgar, reference to a child being born with maternal reminiscences of green peas, elicits a general hiss from pit and gallery, and from that moment little else is heard but the hootings and cat-calls of a disappointed and angry audience. As the curtain is going down, Mr. Albery comes out of his dream by the river, and arrives at the stage-door in time to hear the hisses of the audience, changed, however, to applausive calls for James and Thorne. The actors appear before the curtain, one and all. They are received with enthusiasm, the actor-managers being greeted with quite a tumult of cheers. This being over, there is an ironical call for the author, who, to the surprise of everybody, comes on pale as his shirt-front, defiant as he is angry. He is met with hisses, laughter, and applause. He thrusts at them the palm of his hand. They accept the signal. They listen: "Ladies and gentlemen," says the author, "I have no doubt in asserting that this is an organized opposition." Then he disappears, and there is an angry cry of "Apologize!" "Come back!" "James!" "Thorne!" "Author!" "Apology!" Half the audience leaves the house. The other half waits to see what will happen. Nothing further does happen.

I return to the busy Strand, all light and bustle; I make the best of my way to Her Majesty's Theatre, and arrive in time for the last act of Lohengrin. What a transformation from the Vaudeville to the Opera House! Sentinels with fixed bayonets march to and fro under the piazza. Smiling attendants receive my coat. I walk on soft carpets. In place of the confined and narrow ways of the Vaudeville Theatre, I am in broad, handsome passages and halls. It is a grand picture that greets me as I enter. A crowded house, a full-dress audience. The Princess of Wales and her children are in the royal box. Lovely women and aristocratic men are in the stalls. It is a great night. Wagner's friend, Hans Richter, is in the conductor's seat. Instead of a noisy, discontented gallery flinging epithets at the actors, there is a crowd up there of cultured men, many of them Germans, come to do honor to the most famous and best of orchestral conductors. Over a hundred trained musicians are in the orchestra, each man a solo player. They respond enthusiastically to the lead of Richter's baton. He conducts band and chorus as if he played an instrument with his wand. It is like the rod of Moses, only that when he strikes with it there gushes forth melody and song, harmony and blare of trumpets, instead of water. Richter does not conduct, he commands. He picks up every note. The score is to him like a page of long primer to a reader. He knows every bar of it, every quaver, every rest; every combination, and he feels all the composer felt, all the vocalists should feel. For the first time in London we know what Lohengrin is. As for Nilsson, she sings like one inspired. Lover and Queen, maiden and wife, woman above all, she commands the gamut of passion. Elsa was never rendered so perfectly before. The audience is in raptures with everybody and everthing, and Nilsson has to lead on before the curtain the master who is teaching London a lesson in conducting.

Then once more out into the streets, and by this time the blazing stars, the electric lamps, the colored fires, the mighty gas-torches at the clubs, shed a great light upon throngs of men and women on the sidewalks, upon processions of carriages and cabs from opera, concert-room and theatre in the roadway. One cannot help thinking that the festal glare and glitter must add poignancy to the disappointment of the dramatic author, going home in his four-wheel cab, the victim in his own imagination of "an organized opposition." A day or two of reflection will, it is to be hoped, disabuse the author's mind of this "weak device" of offended vanity, and see him earnestly at work to retrieve his failure. He is commissioned by the American actor, J. S. Clarke, to write a new comedy, and Mr. Clarke has wisdom enough to remember that though James Albery did undoubtedly write Jacks and Jills, he is also the author of Two Roses, Forgiven, Two Thorns, Apple Blossoms, The Spendthrift and Oriana.

ROYALTY AT CONCERT.

LONDON, June 4.—An American citizen's education rather unfits him for a full appreciation of the impressiveness of regal state in Europe. To be imbued with a proper sense of the dignity of court life one must have been brought up to regard Kings and Queens and Princes of the blood somewhat as a New England Sunday-school pupil regards heaven and the angels. It is essential that you should thoroughly feel your own insignificance and the utter unapproachableness of the throne; that you should experience a nervous tremor on entering the apartments where royalty lives and breathes; and that all power of speech should leave you for a moment when first you are addressed by a Prince. This is, I believe, the correct frame of mind for a loyal subject of Queen Victoria who is not actually born within Court circles; and if a mature citizen of the United States could feel like this, I expect the splendor of a royal gathering in a royal palace on a state occasion would then be something akin to the Sunday-school notion of Paradise. I hope I shall not lay myself open to a charge of profanity in repeating the reply of a young American lady on her first introduction some time ago to a state ceremony. "What is it like?" I asked. "How did it affect you when the royalties were announced and the procession came in?" "Well," she said, "it seemed as if the trumpets heralded angels, and I felt as if Jehovah was about."

She was a New Englander, that pretty little lady, who saw an English Court ceremonial for the first time, and I could not help thinking of her on Wednesday night, when, for the first time, I had the honor of being present at a state concert given at Buckingham Palace. For I remember nothing more courtly and touchingly ceremonial than the entry of the royal party into the royal music room on that occasion. Not Wagner's stage efforts at Bayreuth; not the splendor of Aida at Her Majesty's Theatre; not the histrionic shows of the late Charles Kean in his Shakespearean revivals; not the New York version of Sardanapalus; no operatic or theatrical spectacle ever rehearsed or played, could come near the wonderful effect of the gorgeous and imposing scene on Wednesday night, when the guests of the Prince and Princess of Wales (representing the Queen) responded to the courteous greeting of the Princesses. It was thus: The grand hall or music-room was filled with titled folk, with Dukes and Duchesses, with the great officers of state, with Ambassadors from every clime, with dignitaries of every nation. In the centre of the room were a series of circular seats or pews, covered with crimson satin. In front of these two circular rows of crimson-covered chairs was a centre one larger than the rest. The chairs were empty. The pews were full. In the most prominent of all was the Duke of Argyll. On the right, entering the room opposite to the stage, or platform, was a row of seats, chiefly occupied by the ladies of the Court, titled dames, the wives mostly of illustrious and wealthy noblemen; to give their names would simply be to make out a list of the greatest people of the land.

The Countess of Dudley was there, and the Duchess of Manchester. On the left hand side were the Ambassadors. Most conspicuous among the gorgeous uniforms was the Minister of the United States, in his citizen's dress, the only gentleman in the room out of a uniform, and it was also a notable incident of the time that Mrs. Osgood, one of the vocalists, was the only lady present with a high-necked dress. Mrs. Osgood never wears the kind of dress that is de rigueur at Court, having a rather delicate organ and being fearful of taking cold (a serious consideration to a concert singer with a long list of engagements); and having this politely conveyed to her Majesty, the Queen was good enough to waive the state regulation in her case. One of the society papers has mentioned this incident of relaxed etiquette as a concession which it hopes will be extended. The American soprano has no desire to be quoted as a reformer in this matter. She is fully sensible of her Majesty's gracious condescension, and would not have dreamed of asking for any modification of custom except on the score of necessity. Etiquette is the pivot upon which state ceremonials move, and the Queen knows the necessity of maintaining the traditional rules and regulations of Court life, though she has laid aside much of the pageantry of the Crown, and is always anxious to consider the customs, prejudices and feelings of the subjects of other rulers. Mrs. Osgood is so unassuming an artist, and so amiable a lady, that you may be sure that she properly estimates the royal courtesy and kindness that has been extended toward her. But to proceed with my description of the concert-room. The centre of the apartment, as I said, was occupied by the great ministers, officers and dignitaries of state. On their right were the titled ladies, all in low dresses, mostly white, ablaze with diamonds, the other ornaments being chiefly feathers. On the left, the Embassies, in their varied costumes, the Chinese Ambassadors being (next to the American Minister) most noticeable. The platform, or stage, was occupied at the back by the band, with the chorus singers on either side. Mr. Cousins was the conductor. His chair was in front of the stage, and on his right and left sat the solo vocalists—Mme. Patey, Mme. Albani, Mrs. Osgood and Mme. De Caters-Lablache (daughter of the famous basso), Signor Gayarre, and Signor Graziani. Ceilings and walls gorgeously frescoed, the floor inlaid with gold, the windows splendid works of illuminated art, the whole lighted with candelabra and crystal chandeliers, the scene was one of royal splendor, the brilliant uniforms of the gentlemen vieing with the bright eyes and flashing gems of the ladies. At a silent signal, well understood by the assemblage, the guests rise as by common consent. A door on the left of the stage is opened. There enter the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and a number of other personages, mostly in uniforms of scarlet and gold. They pass on and take up a position near the royal chairs. The brilliant crowd is perfectly still (as quiet as the sweltering East Enders when Warner commences his terrific D. T. scene in Drink), and I don't wonder that when the little New England lady saw this kind of thing for the first time, she thought of heaven, and (if she had seen them) of Martin's pictures thereof. Then enter with stately step the Princess of Wales, the Princess Christian, the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and other Court ladies. The Princesses and the Duchess being well in the room (or well down the stage, as an actress would be for an effective moment in a play), courtesy to the guest-audience, which responds with a low bending of the head forward. It was something like the effect of a soft breeze upon a bed of flowers, the wave-like movement of this response to the royal courtesies. To imitate it on the stage it would be necessary to engage supers in the grand circles of Mayfair.

It is worth while mentioning that the concert began at 11 (soon after a royal dinner-party), and ended half an hour after midnight, when supper was served in two or three rooms. There were songs in English, French, Italian and German. Mrs. Osgood sang in German, at the request of the Prince of Wales. The band and chorus were superb. I have rarely heard fresher voices or more finished choral vocalization. Mr. Cousins, the conductor, never left his seat during the concert. His books were handed to him by Mr. Lucas, the publisher, who sat below his desk. The pieces were received throughout without applause. Once in a way, when the royal party were particularly pleased, there was a slight movement of the hands, or of a folded fan; not that the music was accepted coldly; on the contrary, it was followed with interest, and with a full appreciation of its merits. The programme was brought to a conclusion with the national anthem. Mme. Albani sang the first verse, and did full justice to the stirring and familiar lines. Mrs. Osgood sang the second verse, declaiming finely the denunciatory passages "confounding" the Queen's enemies, and finishing with a superb, ringing note in the top B, which she held with splendid effect. The royal party then went forward to the artists, and spoke to each of them, their guests remaining standing the while. The Prince of Wales was pleasant and chatty, as usual. Compliments were right royally distributed among the artists, as well they might, for the concert was perfection throughout. All except Mrs. Osgood had previously sung at Court. The Prince and Princess graciously welcomed her as a new-comer, and congratulated her upon the scena from Wagner, which she gives with great dramatic power. Mme. Albani was in fine voice, and the Princess Christian once seemed in danger of applauding her loudly. The Duchess of Mecklenberg-Strelitz said some pleasant things to Mme. Lablache, and Mr. Cousins was complimented all round on his band and chorus.

While Cousins was beating the opening bars of the "Chorus of Fagot-binders," the Prince of Wales turned round to the Duke of Argyll, who was sitting in the second row of the royal chairs, and made a remark. Of course it was a royal joke about "the fagot-votes" in Mid-Lothian, and equally, of course, it was a discreet witticism divided between the Conservative fagot votes and the Gladstonian ones. I had not the honor of a seat in that second row, and cannot, therefore, report to you the form of the royal mot, nor would it be right, perhaps, to do so if I could. For a similar offense a man may be turned out of a club, and how could I ever expect to find a seat again under that emblazoned roof at Buckingham Palace if it was even suspected that I was injudicious enough to write about it in a newspaper.

At the same time, at all hazards, I must mention an incident that is likely to be frequently mentioned in Court circles during the next few days. There are one or two small retiring-rooms in the concert-hall. Shortly before the entrance of the royal party a member of a certain embassy entered the little room on the right, near the royal chairs. He is now at Court, and he was not aware that the interior of the room is reflected in one of the numerous mirrors in the concert-room. He thought he was alone. So he was, only that one-half of the assembled guests could see all that he did. He was not used to Court costume. He rubbed his calves. They were cold, perhaps. He stretched out his leg and observed it with a critical eye. It was a good leg. He adjusted his wig, and taking a little comb from his breeches-pocket, dressed his whiskers. Nobility and dignity in rows, in uniform, in feathers and diamonds, tittered and smiled. If that royal signal I spoke of had not been given and the gentleman had not stepped out and resumed his former position on the ambassadorial side, the imposing effect I have previously mentioned might have been destroyed by a peal of laughter. I suspect when the Prince of Wales heard the story over supper he would not check his merriment. He has a very catching laugh and no one relishes a joke more keenly.

DESULTORY.

It is like hanging something on the wrong peg to append a few notes on current gossip to this letter, but their interest must be my excuse. Mr. Coghlan is writing a new play for the St. James'. The first act is finished, and the piece has been formally accepted. Mr. Wilson Barrett is under an engagement to open his Court Theatre season in the Autumn with a new play by Coghlan, in which the author is to play the leading part. Modjeska's success may, however, interfere with these arrangements. The Danites are to come from Sadler's Wells to the Globe. Mr. Rankin is delighted with his success. Lord Londesborough and a large party went to see the play last night. Mr. Abbey of the Park Theatre expected to sign the contracts to-day for Sara Bernhardt's appearance at Booth's. The terms are very heavy, but Mr. Abbey is sanguine of success. Mrs. Osgood has accepted an engagament to sing at the Worcester (Mass.) Festival in September next. She will return to England to take part in the Leeds Festival in October. Two Roses is in rehearsal at the Vaudeville to take the place of Jacks and Jills. Charles Warner is filling the Standard Theatre with Drink. Mr. Boucicault has not made a money success at the Adelphi. He is to take a holiday very soon. This theatre is likely to revert back into the hands of Mr. Benjamin Webster. The lease has been purchased by his son-in-law, Mr. L. Lawson, chief proprietor of the Telegraph. It is reported that Mr. Boucicault's terms at the Adelphi are to share receipts after £80 a night. There must have been many nights when much less than this has been taken at the doors, though years ago such figures would have given the popular actor £300 or £400 a week profit.

A Remembrance.

[Cin. Saturday Night.]

A friend has handed us a couple of advertisements, clipped from the Cincinnati Enquirer of May 3, 1856, twenty-four years ago. The first is an advertisement of Wood's Theatre—George Wood manager, A. Cushman acting and stage manager, and J. H. Bagwill treasurer. The manager "takes pleasure in announcing that he has engaged, for four nights only, the popular and eminent artist, Eliza Logan, being positively her last appearance in this city prior to her departure for Europe." He also announces the "second week of the celebrated American actor, McKean Buchanan, who will appear in his great part of Sir Hartcourt Courtly, as played by him with great success in England, California, Australia, and throughout the United States." London Assurance was on the bill for that night, with the following cast:

Lady Gay Spanker.....Eliza Logan
Sir Harcourt Courtly.....McKean Buchanan
Dazzle.....M. McFarland
Mark Meddle.....Harry Chapman
Max Harkaway.....Mr. Leffingwell
Charles Courtly.....Mr. Reed
Cool.....Mr. Wallace
Grace Harkaway.....Miss Cushman
Pert (her first appearance).....Mrs. Donnelly

In the farce of The Dead Shot that followed, Mr. Chapman appeared as Hector Timid, and Miss Woodbury as Louisa Lovetrick. Chapman was the father of the Chapman Sisters. His wife is still acting.

The other advertisement was of the National Theatre, Lewis Baker, sole lessee and manager. The attraction was the Martinetti and Blondin troupe, late Ravels. The "wonderful Blondin," who gave "grand evolutions on the tight rope," was the same Blondin who afterward achieved fame by crossing Niagara on a rope, and he is still rope walking, though in Europe. And the Martinettis are still on the road with their fairy pantomimes, little dried-up old men, but tough as fiddle-strings, and good for many a year yet.

The death of Kate Santley is announced. Miss Santley was a native of Germany, though her early life was passed in England. She had performed with success in burlesques, opera-bouffes, and also in the legitimate drama. At one time she appeared as Jessica to Charles Kean's Shylock. Some years ago she traveled through the United States, appearing in most of the chief cities.

Boucicault's New Play.

Boucicault's new drama, Inchavogue, is a drama in four acts, two of which pass in London and two in the West of Ireland. It is said that it contains situations which will throw The Colleen Bawn and Arrah-na-Pogue into the shade. Ireland is to be shown from a new point of view and Irish character in an entirely new light. The plot may be given in a few words as follows: An Irish pilot, having saved a ship with a valuable cargo from being wrecked on the coast, receives a large reward as salvage. He renounces his former occupation and is eager to found a family and see honor shed upon his first born and heir. This former pilot, now grown a proud, ambitious man of wealth, is the character in which Dion Boucicault will appear. The London scenes are devoted to the adventures of the pilot's first born, who, despising his native land and the traditions of his fathers, mixes in London society and among Englishmen as Dudley Walsingham, denying his Irish origin entirely. This leads to an estrangement between father and son, and the latter, deprived of funds, is finally compelled to seek his fortune abroad. The father grieves at the conduct of his son and becomes half-witted.

The closing scene contains some startling sensations, scenic and otherwise. The boy, who has found fortune in Australia, returns penitent, to find the happiness of the old home destroyed and his father hopelessly insane. He has a partner whom he expects to arrive in the next ship arriving in England. Outside the house a storm rages. Suddenly a cry is raised that a large vessel is drifting on the rocky coast and will inevitably be wrecked. A call is made for men to enter the boats and pilot the ship to a safe anchorage. None know the safe channels except the old pilot himself and his son; but the old man, idiotically listening, cannot be made to understand the danger. The son volunteers. His battle with the waves, his reaching the ship's side, are described by the onlookers. The old pilot's attention is aroused, and when he hears that the ship has been swung into safe anchorage he suddenly exclaims: "That is my son! Only he and I know that anchorage!" His senses return; he recognizes his son, and when the son is reconciled to his cousin sweetheart, whom he rather ignored in London, the curtain falls on happiness all around.

Mr. Boucicault expects to achieve a great success with his new work; and when he has scored a success in London equal to that of The Shaughraun or The Colleen Bawn he will return to New York, and not before.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

Verdi's Othello will be given in Paris next Autumn, when Adelina Patti will appear as Desdemona.

It is said that Wagner is to furnish Theodore Thomas with a new symphony while the latter is in Europe.

In Milan a committee has been formed for the purpose of erecting a statue (in marble) of Verdi, to be placed in the Scala Theatre.

Offenbach's fantastic opera, Les Contes d'Hoffman, will probably be produced at the beginning of the winter season at the Paris Opera Comique.

It is said that the famous Surrey-side home of melodrama, the Victoria Theatre, is about to be transformed into a music hall, which will be conducted on teetotal principles. It was the excellent Mrs. Brown who called this house "Queen Victoria's Own Theayter."

A London paper states that "Leonora Robinson is Col. Mapleson's newest acquisition. She bears a striking resemblance to Mme. Pappenheim. She will be a member of the company which Manager Mapleson is forming for the United States for next season."

Madame Scmbrich, a young musical miracle, has just made her debut at Covent Garden, London, as Lucretia, and is declared to be the only rival of Patti. She plays the piano and the violin as artistically as she sings, and she has made a genuine furore in London.

East-end playgoers have rivaled those of the West in their enthusiastic appreciation of Charles Warner's Coupeau in Drink, as presented by Mr. Gooch's company, at the Standard Theatre, London. On Saturday, the 29th ult., no fewer than 4,500 persons paid for admission.

A complimentary benefit to Mr. Lloyd, who for over forty years has been a comedian in the Edinburgh and Glasgow Theatres, is being organized, and among the subscribers to and supporters of the movement are Henry Irving, J. L. Toole, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and others of the profession.

At the opera in Paris on Thursday last there was a great commotion during the rehearsal of Guillaume Tell. The musicians became indignant at being made to rehearse a work so familiar to them, and refused to obey the lead of the conductor, M. Altes. They did not yield until Vaucorbeil, the manager, had delivered a vigorous harangue, threatening to resign the direction of the opera.

The engagement by Mr. Mapleson of Herr Hans Richter to conduct Wagner's Lohengrin at Her Majesty's Theatre excited considerable comment when first announced, and has been the cause of much preliminary discussion. The latest advices received indicate the success of Mr. Mapleson's experiment, Herr Richter, who is Wagner's confidant, made ruthless havoc with the altered score in use in London, restoring much that had been "cut," altering the orchestration, and, presumably, embodying Wagner's latest emendations of the work. The result was, however, a version of the opera which seems to have given special delight to the Wagnerites, and to have elicited the greatest enthusiasm over the conductor's abilities from critics of every shade of opinion. Mme. Nilsson was the Elsa, and Mr. Candidus the Lohengrin.

SOMETHING GOOD.

BY JAMES W. RILEY.

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The blight of deep disgrace shall fall, instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head;
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
If something good be said.

No pitying heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of charity; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Saviour bled,
And by your own souls' hope of fair renown,
Let something good be said!

DRAMA IN THE STATES.

DOINGS OF PLAYER FOLK ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

Mirror Letter-List.

The NEW YORK MIRROR has a department for the reception and forwarding of letters. Members of the Profession can register their names and addresses and have their mail matter forwarded daily, free of charge, saving delay. Only such letters are advertised as require stamps, or where the address is unknown.

Ackerman, Irene
Allen, W. N.
Allen, Eloise
Brand, Michael
Brown, Harry M. (3)
Barrett, Lawrence (2)
Belden, Clara
Boissert, M. Armand
Bennett, Grace
Carte, D'Oyly
Carroll, J. W. (2)
Cavendish, Ada
Cone, Spence
Chandos, Alice
Church, Edw. A.
Comley & Bartin.
Clark, Harry
Curtis, G. J.
Dobson, Frank
De Castro, M.
Davis, C. L. (2)
De Astee, Helen
Dunn, Julia E.
Duncan, W. T.
Emmet, J. K.
Elmore, Florence
Fuller, George
Filmore, Miss
Gayler, Frank (2)
Grau & Wolfsohn
Goodwin, Nat
Grismer, J. R.
Grey, Miss Amy (2)
Green, C. S.
Gillette, Will,
Hudson, Alfred
Howitt, Belle
Hooker, Fred Mrs.
Hofele, F. W. (2)
Howard, John
Ingersoli, Robert
Jackson, Minnie
Jefferson, Chas. (2)
Jarrett, H. C. Esq. (2)
Kenyon, Miss Lida
Kiralfy Bros.
Levanion, Alfred
Logan, Geo. W.
Lynwood, Ada
Mackay, F. F. (2)
McCullough, John (2)
Mitchell, W. C.
Murray, John
Mitchell, Maggie
McKay, Andy
Morton, Charles
McDonough, E. M.
Macauley, Mr. B.
Murphy, Joseph
Neville, Charlotte
Powers, W. H.
Pennoyer, A. S.
Ransone, J. W.
Raymond, J. T.
Rigby, James
Rosenberg, Charles
Roberts, Richard E
Shannon, Joseph
Slavin, Mr.
Scott, Lester F.
Smith, John P.
Taylor, James
Temple, Louise (3)
Vivian, Nina
West, Eva
Whiting, Annie
Zimmerman, Ed.

DATES AHEAD.

Managers of traveling combinations will favor us by sending every week advance dates, and mailing the same in time to reach us on Monday.

ADELAIDE NEILSON, San Francisco this week.
ANNIE WARD TIFFANY, Brooklyn this week.
ALL THE RAGE COMB., Boston this week.
BEYER FAMILY, Toronto this week.
DALY'S ARABIAN NIGHT CO., Grand Rapids, 24, 25; Battle Creek 26; Chicago 28, week.
F. S. CHANFRAU, New York this week.
DALY'S ROYAL MIDDY, Detroit, Mich., 25, 26; Grand Rapids 28, 29; Milwaukee July 1, 2, 3.
GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S PIRATES, "A" Co., Chicago this week.
GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S PIRATES, "C" Co., Burlington, Ia., 26; Davenport 28; Dubuque 29; La Crosse 30; St. Paul July 1, 2, 3.
GROVER'S BOARDING HOUSE COMB., New York this week.
GEO. HOLLAND'S COMB., Indianapolis 24, 25, 26; Terre Haute 28; Decatur, Ill., 29; Springfield 30; Jacksonville July 1; Pekin 2; Rock Island 3.
HAVERLY'S MASTODON MINSTRELS, Brooklyn 28.
HAVERLY'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS, Boston this week; New York 28.
JOE MURPHY, Chicago this week.
MITCHELL'S PLEASURE PARTY, New York this week.
MAHN'S OPERA CO., Chicago this week.
NEIL BURGESS'S WIDOW BEDOTT COMB., Virginia City, Nev., June 26 to 30; Carson City 31.
NEW YORK BIJOU OPERA CO., St. Louis this week.
PAT ROONEY COMB., New York 21, week.
RICE'S EVANGELINE CO., Manchester, N. H., 24; Fitchburg 25; Lawrence 26, close season.
TONY DENIER'S HUMPTY DUMPTY CO., Ottawa 24; Kansas City, Mo., 25; St. Joseph 26; Hannibal 28; Quincy, Ill., 29.
TONY PASTOR'S COMB., Chicago this week.

Boston.

The regular season of the Park Theatre was brought to a close on Saturday night. The regular season opened Monday evening, Sept. 5, 1879, and comprised forty-one weeks, and during that time fifteen different combinations have played engagements. It cannot but have struck the most superficial observer how wonderfully, since the abolition of the "leg drama," the taste for the high tragic and satiric drama has revived and augmented. I do not know that I can offer a more striking commentary on this text than by stating the plain fact that in this city where a few years ago crowds were assembled to look at the blonde tresses and pedal extremities of some English burlesquers, numerous and attentive audiences have this season listened with delight to As You Like It, Twelfth Night, Hamlet, Yorick's Love, Love, etc. And not only have these sterling pieces been presented, but how have they been presented, both as respects the principal performers engaged in them and the mise en-scene. Take for example, Twelfth Night, which met with great success. The reflections that this subject suggests are more important than at first sight they would appear to a merely superficial observer. Like the circles created by a pebble thrown into a still lake, the sensations created and the feelings called into active operation by the performance of the theatre, spread, though imperceptibly perhaps, yet surely over an extensive surface of mental observation. It would be preposterous to assert that every man and every woman attending a dramatic representation is a philosopher. But it is equally true that they all possess—some of course to a far greater extent than others—that mind and intelligence which pervades the whole universe and everything that it contains. Many, therefore, of what would appear to be but as the mere transient thoughts of the moment penetrate much deeper than the surface. According to the purity or the impurity of the fountain so will be the impressions originally created and the direction subsequently taken, whether that may chance to be for good or for evil. The readers of a novel, as a general hypothesis, may be supposed to have derived some advantages from training and education. They may, if they do not wilfully shut their eyes, make use of the mirror of cultivation to detect the blots to mark the difference between what is false and what is true, between what is right and what is wrong.

The cursory view of the past which has been necessarily confined to a few bright constellations still shine forth with unclouded majesty. In its consequences it has materially tended to that remarkable revolution which I have lately witnessed in the classification, arrangement and management of the various combinations, and in the visible improvement which one cannot fail to observe in the taste of the public. There cannot be a question that Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Adelaide Neilson and Mary Anderson are entitled to the highest credit for the spirit and devotion to the true interests of the unrivaled plays that characterized their respective engagements in this city. The excellence of the mise-en-scene, the attention to costumes and to all those minute particulars, even in the balmy days of the "great lights" of the olden time, but sparingly introduced and imperfectly carried out, but which in themselves constitute an essential element in the perfect performance of the higher order of the drama, shed a partial ray of glory on the magnificent performances which had so long been the delight of our fathers. Edwin Booth's fame may safely rest on the noble manner in which he played Bertuccio, Iago and Hamlet, nor does Mr. Barrett prove himself an unworthy competitor with his distinguished rival in the arduous struggle to raise the legitimate drama from its prostrate state and to replace it on its deserted pedestal. All honor to Neilson, Mary Anderson and others who have so ably revived the great drama. They may take credit for having been the happy instruments in weaning the public from the coarse and artificial stimulants which they have been imbibing, and for leading them back to the unadulterated regimen of truth and nature. Without traveling to a foreign shore, I need scarcely remind my readers of the magnificent presentation of Juliet by Adelaide Neilson, which exhibited those fine and masterly touches of tragic art, which evinced how deeply she has studied the character and how thoroughly her genius had enabled her to give a living portraiture of the Capulet's fair daughter. How sweetly did she depict the fond, confiding affection of the high-born Juliet, and the steadfast attachment and undeviating constancy of the royal and devoted Imogen. It seems scarcely possible to draw a more finished picture, conforming, as it does, to the unerring rules of nature. The man who can remain unmoved in listening to such sentiments as Juliet pours out in the fullness of her heart, after she is aware that Romeo had overheard her soliloquy, must be harder than adamant and colder than Zembla's snows.

Taking a calm review of the present position and actual prospects of the Drama in this city, I conscientiously believe that the state of the legitimate is one of great hope. The "legitimate" has passed through a most trying ordeal for many years, and yet it has surmounted many perils; it has successfully struggled with numerous attractive amusements which this city nightly offers, and that if fairly patronized and judiciously conducted it has every prospect of attaining to, if not its ancient glories, at least a distinguished rank among the most refined and intellectual of public entertainments. The season at the principal theatres has been a very successful one, being nightly crowded with audiences anxious to witness the most celebrated "stars" in plays that adorn our dramatic literature. The Boston Museum will the coming season revive the old comedies, and from the judgment, spirit and good taste which has marked this undertaking in past seasons, and from the complete and artistic manner in which School for Scandal, She Stoops to Conquer, Wild Oats (independently of having been very finely acted) have been placed on the stage, I would fain augur the best for future prosperity. There was certainly a gap here and there in last season's company, and I miss an adequate representative for the line of characters so inimitably portrayed by Hardenbergh, LeMoyne and McClannin, and for those characters of the grand dame style in which Fanny Morant is without a rival. Still, there will be Charles Barron, who is one of the best stock actors in the country; Annie Clarke, whose genius, to use a trite expression, "turned everything it touched to gold;" Mrs. Vincent, one of the best "comic old women" upon the stage, and William Warren, who is one of the greatest players that ever trod the stage. His acting is Nature colored in the richness of her own perfection. Mr. Field is singularly fortunate in possessing such performers as those whom I have mentioned, and, as his well-wisher, I can only hope he will be able to complete other departments with artists of equal excellence. To all those who feel a real interest in the drama as a source of the highest intellectual enjoyment the present aspect of the coming season is cheering. With scarcely an exception all the theatres are assiduously laboring to fan and keep alive the purer taste which has of late so conspicuously manifested itself.

I will barely notice the dramatic gossip, which announces Sara Bernhardt, Salvini (probably), Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough, Mary Anderson, Maggie Mitchell, added to which Mme. Janauschek will appear as Brunhild for the first time in two years, also in Mother and Son, and Phedre. Of Janauschek's grand style of acting and the intense feeling which she throws into her parts it would be superfluous to speak. She occupies a foremost rank in her profession and has secured a lasting hold on the public favor.

Her actions are as noble as her thoughts;
Respect and wish her well, she is worthy on't.

That powerful combination of talent (particularly among the gentlemen) the Union Square co., will also renew their acquaintance with the Boston public. Of Mr. Thorne I believe I may truly say that there is not a more popular actor in the profession. Sara Jewett is, and long has been, "the fashion." Messrs. Parselle, Stoddart and Le Moyne have long been recognized as truly legitimate actors, and those who have witnessed their inimitable performances will find no difficulty in admitting their title. Messrs. Courtaine, Daly, Ramsay, Mrs. Phillips, and Misses Wilton, Harrison and Vernon make up a company which is difficult to excel.

Rumor says that Robson and Crane will produce The Two Gentlemen of Verona in conjunction with The Comedy of Errors, the stars appearing as Launce and Speed. If such is the fact it will be a great revival of a play that has been slumbering since the days of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean. It will also give the present generation of playgoers an opportunity of witnessing one of Shakespeare's best plays. Can there be a nobler triumph to the memory of the great poet than thus overcoming the prejudice that so long operated to warp the judgment of the mercurial public? If England could boast of no other great dramatist, she has at all events in her Shakespeare one illustrious name in the roll of those undying and enduring worthies.

With the exception of the Boylston Museum there is not a place of amusement open in Boston, a most unusual state of affairs, as this city has always been considered as one of the best of show towns, and the Summer seasons have always been lucrative and successful, but the Gardens have done away with city amusements and crowds nightly wend their way to Oakland and Forrest Gardens, where a varied and good entertainment is presented for a mere stipend. The attractions at Oakland Garden are Haverly's Minstrels, which have met with great success, while the Forrest Gardens offers the famous Spanish Students and Sheridan's Mimics. The Boylston Museum has John E. Henshaw, Alice Gleason, Marie Edeson, Fred Warren and the regular co.

Items: A letter from Christine Nilsson to a friend in this city states that she has not signed any contract for America for next season, and has no intention of doing so for some time yet.—Janauschek sailed for Europe on Saturday. She will remain at Kissengen for a short time, returning here in August, and will then go to Compton, N. H., remaining there until the commencement of the Fall and Winter season.—Hugh Talbot, the singer, is residing at the Parker House.—Halleck's Theatre will be ready to open about July 4.—Harry Taylor of All the Rage comb. is engaged with the co. to support Joe Jefferson.—Agnes Chase (Mrs. George E. Wilson) is engaged for next season at the Boston Theatre.—John Stetson has returned from New York.—Shirley Smith has been in Boston for a few days past.—Frank Norcross, formerly of the Arabian Night co., is at the Aquarium, N. Y.—A. S. Chipman and wife go with All the Rage next season, vice Harry Taylor and Julia Coventry.—Mrs. D. P. Bowers is at her residence at Manchester-by-the-Sea.—Emily Mestayer returned to New York on Sunday.—Adelaide Detchon is residing in Charlestown.—Marie Prescott will manage a co. next season, playing Mother and Daughter, Camille, Miss Multon, etc.—Clara Morris will probably appear at the Park Theatre next season.—A dispatch from Nat Goodwin, at Queenstown, was received here on Sunday, saying: "Just arrived all right."—George Hoey's play, Child of the State, will be produced in Boston next season.—Mrs. Jennie Kimball, mother of Little Corinne, is still quite ill.—Rice's Evangeline co. are doing fairly in the suburbs.—Nat Jones is in town.

Chicago.

THE THEATRES.

McVicker's: The Bijou Opera co. of New York, who are en tour under the business direction of Mr. "Jack" Saville, opened 14th to a fair house, and have given their dainty entertainment through the week to small houses, I am sorry to say. Digby Bell, Carrie Burton, Mme. Beauman, and St. Herbert each did more than well; but A. Macreery, who is billed as a tenor, but who is decidedly an awkward, uninteresting, voiceless gawk upon the stage, whatever he may be off, was greeted with derisive smiles. Frank Pearson is little better than Macreery. The Spectre Knight, a quaint conceit by James Albery, with much pretty music by Cellier, and Charity Begins at Home, an operetta also by Cellier, libretto by Bolton Rowe, were the pieces. 21st, Mahn's Fatinitza co.

Haverly's: The Pirates of Penzance "A" are infinitely superior to the first crowd Carte sent us. Brocolini's superb voice was very effectively displayed as the Pirate King. Miss Alice Barnett, the mammoth Ruth, F. Clifton (the Sergeant), and pretty Sallie Reber, whose pure soprano is refreshing, once more made the hits. H. C. Husted is manager. Husted, however, is not at home unless he has a pair of Sargent's boots to polish every morning. James Paxton, once a bad Pinafore singer of local celebrity, is now programmer with these particular Pirates. 21st, Tony Pastor.

Olympic: Mr. W. J. Cogswell, the spirited tragedian, has played the Franchii in The Corsican Brothers, to very light houses. Mr. Cogswell, it may surprise my readers to know, is not equal to the late Fechter in this play. The support was—to echo the sentiment of a disgusted auditor who sat near me—"d—d bad." Two exceptions might be made: Charles Kent, who played Chateau Renaud very well, and little May Treat, who is developing fast into a good soubrette. Miss Treat deserves encouragement. 21st, Dalziel's co. in Tortured to Death (My Mother-in-Law).

Hooley's: The newly organized Nathal English Opera co. made its initial appearance in this city, Monday evening. The co. is an excellent one, consisting of Miss Reca Murrilli, Miss Charlotte Hutchings, Miss Agnes Storrs Vedder, George S. Weeks, Mons. Louis Nathal, James Vincent and others. They appeared in La Grande Duchesse, Bells of Corneville, Girofle-Girofla and Les Deux Aveigles—the latter in French. Miss Hutchings is a very delightful actress, having a splendid stage appearance, and as the Grand Duchess made a great hit. Her voice is not as good as her acting, which was very vivacious and pleasing. Miss Murrilli has a very fine voice, which she understands how to use to the best advantage. She appeared in the part of Serpolette in Bells of Corneville, and appeared in dual role of Girofle-Girofla, giving good satisfaction. Miss Agnes Storrs Vedder sang very acceptably. This lady is new to the stage and is a relation of the celebrated Rev. Dr. Storrs of Brooklyn. From present appearances it looks as though with more practice she will make a success in the profession. Her voice is very sweet, but needs cultivation. Mons. Louis Nathal, in assuming the part of General Boum in Grand Duchesse was entirely at home and gave a very good performance. Mr. George S. Weeks, the tenor of the troupe, has a very sweet voice and is also a good actor, which two qualifications are seldom found in the same person. Mr. James Vincent is a very excellent comedian, and although not having a good voice, he more than made up for the lack of it by his capable work as an actor. Mr. W. Luard and the other members of the co. all filled their parts well, and in fact more even performances in English Opera have not been seen in Chicago. I predict a permanent success for the co. Sunday, June 20, Nathal Opera co. in Girofle-Girofla. Monday, 21st, Joseph Murphy in Kerry Gow, supported by Miss M. Loduski Young.

Grand Opera House: Closed.

Academy: Closed.

Halsted Street: The celebrated Mr. Lew Warwick has nightly smoothed the creases from his famous rattlesnake suit of clothes, and vainly endeavored to bury the Warwickian characteristics in the role of Raphael in The Marble Heart. The illustrious Mr. Warwick was also seen in Daly's Divorce. Houses fair. 21st, James A. Devlin, formerly of McVicker's stock, and one of the most promising of our younger comedians, plays an engagement as Blinkey Brown in Waiting for the Verdict. Jimmy is a very modest young fellow, not given to puffing his own abilities, and I shall be pleased to learn of his success. He will be supported by John R. Allen, E. B. Marden, W. H. Gould, Minnie Edrington, Ada Warley and others. "Jack" Moynihan is representing Mr. Devlin's business interests.

National: Hugh Fay and that bad Dutch "comique," C. A. Gardner, remain here a week longer. I don't want to hurt Madigan's feelings and will, therefore, reverse it and say that Adams' bob and rag-tail co. support the stars (?), including the tender-hearted Madigan, who says he is a comedian. 28th, Rogers-Vickers co. I am afraid Jud Corey will think better of my advice after he has been out with Charles and Mattie a week.

Items: Alf Wyman and wife Lulu (a sister of Mrs. Ed Marble by the way) go to Leadville under a thirteen weeks' engagement. Then they will travel with C. B. Lewis' Yakie over Love and Thall's Circuit. The Wymans have had a hard time of it lately. They are tolerable variety sketch artists, but are by no means strong enough to star, and moreover in Yakie they possess a piece that is sickening bosh.—Gus Haight of the Minnie Wallace co. is here—also Decker, a St. Louis variety manager.—Manager Hamlin is back, having filled most of his time for next season. The Grand Opera House opens in August for a supplementary season, and the Emma Abbott co. open the regular season in September.—Roland Reed, who is here, says he don't manage "no Oates." Roland has all he can do to attend to another Alice.—Tony Denier has quieted down here for the hot months. Humpty Dumpty, however, keeps the road.—McVicker's will close doors in July for two weeks, possibly longer.—James M. Nixon's benefit is set for to-day (Sunday) "sure." The old man declares positively no postponement.—Ed. Clifford will be down to attend to the Mason conclave. He'll then meet Mr. Charley Forbes and "there's bound to be a row."—Mr. David Henderson, the critic of the Tribune, has an exhaustive and readable review of the season in Sunday's issue.—Alice Hastings is to join the Olympic co.—Fred Maeder is writing a new musical farce for the Holman Opera co. Mr. Maeder soon leaves for the slope and will connect himself with the new North Side Theatre.—Mattie Vickers and Charles Rogers and their newly organized co., under the management of J. P. Corey, open at the National, June 28.—Dalziel went down to Springfield this week with Oaken Hearts and was victimized to the tune of $400 by a Springfield druggist named Frank Fleury, who aspired to be a local manager, or rather sharper. Dalziel was tempted to make the engagement by the offer of a large certainty. He opened 15th to a good house, and got their money. Next night the festive druggist collared the total receipts and would not give them up. When threatened with legal proceedings Fleury laughed. Dalziel says that Mr. Fleury won't be so merry before he is through the affair.—Maurice Frederick Schwab, an Israelite in whom there is much guile as well as gall, has again turned up in this city. What the enterprising Schwab's little game is at present nobody seems to know definitely. He ought to be thoroughly known by this time. A crowd of actors and agents were discussing as well as cussing the cuss the other evening, and a large proportion of the boys admitted themselves to have been at one time or another the victims of misplaced confidence in the fair promises held out by the wily Hebrew's slick tongue. Even that old bird Jake Murray confessed to having been beaten by the artful Maurice.—Ira Holmes of real-estate notoriety is the "wealthy Chicagoan" who is backing D. Dalziel, only Mr. Holmes' wealth is not as accessible as it might be.—The Sunday snaps at Aurora Turner Hall have ceased, greatly to the relief of the neighborhood.—Last Sunday night no money to speak of greeted the appearance of a couple of young men named Chase and Wells, who, assisted by two bull-dogs and some very shaky "talent," were let loose in something they have named Our Railroad Men, to call which rubbish would be to compliment it. I advise variety managers to look out for Chase and Wells. The public do not require them at any price.—James H. Browne, W. H. Gould, W. B. Arnold, H. P. Acker and others of Edwin Clifford's co. arrived in town Wednesday, looking fat and prosperous and full of praises of their worthy manager. Jimmy Browne tells me that Mr. Clifford's season was throughout eminently satisfactory from a financial point of view. Browne has my thanks for some fine specimens of copper and iron ore brought me from the North.—Mr. James F. Latham's new play, which has just been completed, and will probably be in Tom Keene's repertory the coming season, is entitled Personals, though Mr. Latham says that he may re-christen it ere the production. Mr. Latham is a thorough man of the world, full of caustic wit, and I think he may be relied upon for a brilliant contribution to current stage literature.—I don't remember ever to have before heard of Mr. Will Madigan, the cheap actor who makes a plea for the dizzy people of the stage in your last issue. That is not Mr. Madigan's fault, however. I don't agree with him regarding cheap talent. I doubt if the stage requires people of the class to which Mr. Madigan unfortunately belongs. The public does not certainly. The defender of the imaginary wrongs of the fake actor is in error, whether intentionally or not I neither know nor care, when he asserts that "last week he (meaning THE MIRROR correspondent) presented himself to Mr. Adams, and declared it was his first visit." I have never had the felicity of meeting Manager Adams, though I have been inside his theatre a number of times, and always paid the admission price demanded. The friends of a man who would permit himself to be dead-headed to a ten-cent gaff have my profoundest sympathies.—Jake Murray goes with Gulick and Blaisdell next season. Jake is a good fellow, but I don't want to have another beer-drinking match with him. He gets away with me.—Mr. Alf Wyman called upon me the other day; not, however, with any savage purpose of annihilating me, but to protest in a gentlemanly manner against an item referring to him published in my letter of two weeks since. Mr. Wyman assured me that certain parties had misrepresented him to me; that he considered THE MIRROR chief among dramatic papers; and that he would like to (figuratively) fall upon the neck of its Chicago correspondent and fondly embrace him. So I think I'll have to accept Alf's explanation, though he really shouldn't carry such a formidable-looking twisted steel cane. It is apt to scare a timid youth like myself.—Curry and Forney's Pinafore snap has left them cleaned out and their obligations unfulfilled to either the public or their people. For a week the "Peerless" concern has been floating upon the commonwealth plan. The cheek of Mr. John McWade amply sufficed for hall rent and gas bills.—The Church Choir co. (Haverly's) give Will J. Davis a benefit next Friday at Central Hall. I was not aware that William was "broke."—George S. Knight writes to a friend in this city a long and very readable letter describing the recreations and sight-seeing abroad of Otto and Lizette. Extracts are published in the Sunday Times.—E. J. Buckley and Roland Reed are of Dalziel's co. at Olympic next week.—Frederick Warde is suffering from a throat affection. He is advised by his physician not to play this Summer.—The readers of this paper will be relieved to know that with this issue my Chicago connection with THE MIRROR ceases. I remove to another city. During my connection with the paper, dating from its establishment, I have made a few firm friends and a good many enemies, the latter of whom I trust may never have occasion to be otherwise than inimical to me. I have assailed the charlatans of the profession and have endeavored to speak an encouraging word to its deserving and struggling members. With the hearty wish that THE MIRROR may ever continue what I have seen it gradually become—the leading dramatic newspaper of this country—I for a good while to come hold my peace.

San Francisco.

June 14.—Now that Neilson has given us the first week of her engagement, criticism is in order. What I foreshadowed in my former communication was verified to the very letter, as only moderate houses greeted the fair Adelaide; and if Maguire will persist in keeping up such high rates, the houses, I am afraid, will moderate still more. The local critics of course write each morning glowing accounts of the immense acting and the immense houses that greeted her, but to judge from Maguire's long-drawn face he does not share their opinion. The only local paper that seemed to give an impartial account of the Neilson engagement is the Globe, which speaks thus: "Whatever Miss Neilson's former experience may have been in San Francisco, it is painfully evident that her present engagement will prove a dismal failure, financially. Several causes contribute to this. In the first place, the lady is not the attraction she was when she appeared at the California in 1874, and again in 1877. In the second place, she is not favored with the support at Baldwin's that she had at the California. In the third place, times are harder now and people will not submit to the extortionate rates of the Baldwin management for the privilege of seeing an actress who has already played two engagements here under more favorable auspices. All the 'taffy' indulged in by the critical fraternity will not alter the facts a particle. The past week's receipts have not averaged expenses."

So much for the Globe's statement of her engagement. Regarding the lady's acting, I can neither add nor subtract from her reputation—as no change is perceptible—which is a compliment considering that the lady is on her farewell tour. The support she has received at Baldwin's is fair, and had we not seen her supported by such people as Tom Keene, Barton Hill, Harry Edwards, etc., might even be called good. Why she should have brought a Mr. Compton to support her, when we have James O'Neill, surpasses my comprehension. It is somewhat a similar case to Rose Eytinge, a few years ago, who brought a Mr. Searle to support her, but whom the San Francisco public did not care to see, and who had to be supplanted eventually by the leading stock actor.

To-night Neilson will open her second week with Romeo and Juliet, for which Mrs. Judah has been specially engaged to play the Nurse, which of course will make the cast perfect.

At the Bush Street Theatre Boccaccio is entering on its second week and doing well. Mr. Locke is a lucky man. Whatever he has undertaken has proved a success. First, The Royal Middy, then the Pirates, and now Boccaccio—all up for a run—a rather unusual thing here in California, where a play seldom lives longer than a week. The character of Boccaccio is taken by Emilie Melville, supported by Max Freeman and an efficient company. What will follow Boccaccio is a mystery yet, although it is hinted that Tony Pastor is coming.

These being the only two theatres open, and they hardly drawing more than expenses, one can easily conjecture the state of theatrical affairs in this city.

The Standard Theatre is still closed, although rumor has it that Samuel Piercy will take the lease and try to convince the San Francisco public that James O'Neill, Tom Keene and others will fall into insignificance when such talent as his is on hand. Mrs. Samuel Piercy presented her liege lord with a young tragedian the other day, which makes Samuel a "biger man than old Grant" ever was.

Adeline Stanhope, the new leading lady of Baldwin's, is a daughter-in-law of Barry Sullivan, and will support him when he appears here, which Maguire hopes to have him do after the Neilson engagement. Mr. Scanlan and his wife (Rachel Sanger) left for New York yesterday. Genee's German co. will inaugurate the new season on August 1.

George Chaplin has returned from his Oregon trip well and hearty, and George is now himself again. Bandmann, not discouraged by Chaplin's experience, left with his co. for that country last week, but like a wise man has supplied himself with return tickets.

Lew Morrison, Virginia Thorne and several others are rusticating in Sancelito. James O'Neill is filling in Sunday nights at Baldwin's with his conception of Richelieu, aided by Adeline Stanhope as the youthful Julia. At the Adelphi, George France and his educated dog appear in the drama Black Game, which is no reflection on the educated member of the firm. Hawley and Buislay are doing the flying leap at Woodward's Gardens. E. Zimner of the Bella Union was married last week to Miss Claire Parmenter.

At the last moment I hear that Mrs. Judah is not going to play the Nurse to-night in Romeo and Juliet, as the management did not feel able to pay her the $20 a night demanded—although they have to pay Neilson $500 a night. Imagine Romeo and Juliet without good old Mrs. Judah in the cast! she who has played the part for some twenty years in this city. Why, people would go as much to see her as they would to see Neilson. Romeo and Juliet without Mrs. Judah is like Hamlet without the Ghost.

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Calfornia.

SACRAMENTO.

D'Oyly Carte's opera co. are announced for the 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and matinee, in Pirates of Penzance. The Frederick Douglass dramatic troupe, under the management of Frank Rea, give two performances next week.

Colorado.

DENVER.

Forrester's Opera House (N. C. Forrester proprietor): 15th, Gardner's Minstrels commenced a week's engagement, to good business. The co. consists of eighteen people, headed by the veteran minstrel, Sam Gardner. It has been some time since Denver has had a season of burnt-cork. Sullivan's Hibernian Blondes failed to fill date on 14th.

Academy of Music (Edward Silk proprie-

tor): Maggie Lawler in historic statues is the only new face this week. No departures. The programme consists of the usual female minstrel first part and olio, and The Slave Market for an afterpiece. Masters Orndorf and McDonald do some nice singing and splendid dancing. The Perry Brothers and Mulligan and Morris continue to make plenty of fun.

Palace Theatre (Ed Chase proprietor): Jennie Engel is new this week, although not in Denver, for she has already become a great favorite throughout the State. No departures. The features of this week's bill are Bella Marion in song-and-dance; Harry Montague in his motto songs; Donelly and Drew and Foy and Thompson; and J. Arthur Doty in his female impersonations. Mr. Chase undoubtedly knows how to make a theatre popular.

Items: At the close of this month Mr. Forrester's lease of the Opera House expires. The building has been sold to Messrs. Emmet and Scott Authony, who will remodel it into a business block. Denver is under many obligations to Mr. Forreater for the amusements he has offered.

Connecticut.

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HARTFORD.

Roberts' Opera House: On Wednesday evening we had Daly's co. in The Royal Middy. Of the piece there is no occasion for me to speak, except to say that it was well presented and more fully came up to the requirements than anything ever played here under Mr. Daly's name. Business was very fair, and the audience were highly pleased. A repetition would draw a full house. Miss Lewis as Fanchette became a favorite at once, and was applauded from beginning to end. On Friday night we had our first visit from the Mulligans of Mooligan Allee. As I predicted, they played to a full house composed of our best people, and such hearty laughter and genuine applause we have hardly heard this season. Dave Braham opened the ball with his orchestra, and had to accept an encore before the curtain was allowed to be rung up. The short olio was well received, and then with the intermediate overture, composed entirely of his own compositions, Braham set the house wild again, and had to repeat the Full Moons in response to the applause. Of the Surprise Party it is needless to speak, except to say that it was played perfectly. Here let me give Messrs. Harrigan and Hart this compliment. With little or no noise, and nothing on their paper to indicate the fact, they brought more people, more scenery, and more and better musicians for orchestra than any co. here this season, with but one or two exceptions, and those parties have traveled on their numbers and advertised it as a feature. The Comique co. have added a first-class stand to their route any time they see fit to come, and made friends by the hundreds.

New National: The Spencer and Watson comb. showed up at this house with a greater portion of the announced people, but a few missing. M. C. Healey and Ella Sanders joined them here and added materially to their strength. The performances were very good, notably that of Walter Mack in his change act before the audience, and was worthy of better business than was done. The co. make a short Eastern tour this week, playing Willimantic, Lynn, Haverhill and other places in Massachusetts.

Item: Both theatres will remain closed this week.

NEW HAVEN.

Coe's Opera House: Daly's Royal Middy 17th, to good house. The co., with the exception of Catherine Lewis, was hardly above commonplace, while the orchestra, which consisted of a piano and one violin, was scarcely enough for a rehearsal, not to mention a performance. Harrigan and Hart seem to be favorites here, judging from the business they had 19th. The performance, as we all know, is of a broader cast and contains much more variety than anything of its kind upon the road. Therefore we wish these two artists the same success and the same greeting everywhere, that they received here.

DANBURY.

Opera House: 19th, Callender's Georgia Minstrels to light house, but gave satisfaction. Owing to some changes, they have no route settled.

Illinois.

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ALTON.

May Fiske's English Blondes performed in Mercantile Hall, to standing-room only. The performance was a glaring fraud. The crowd became thoroughly disgusted and more uproarious every minute. Finally one of the Blondes came on the stage and said Miss Fiske had not paid their salaries, and they would not play any longer. The audience considered this a put-up job, and became more noisy. Finally May Fiske, seeing there would be trouble, collared the receipts and skipped. The crowd waited on the outside for the Blondes. The chief of police called out all the force, eight in number, who, with pistols drawn, marched the girls to their hotel on the run. The mob was furious, threw bricks and stones. Pandemonium was let loose. Making a savage rush at the shrinking, frightened girls, they demanded their money. And only the determined attitude of the police saved their lives. I warn all snide Blonde shows to beware of Alton.

Item: May Fiske asked me to give her a puff. I hope she is satisfied with the above.

ROCKFORD.

Haverly's Chicago Church Choir co., in Trial by Jury and Pinafore, closed season here 12th. C. E. Dennis, who is treasurer of the co. and also sings Ralph, is a Rockford boy, and has signed with Haverly for next season. Mendelssohn Quintet Club gave concert 14th, assisted by Abbie Carrington. Full house. Barnum 15th, to big business. Your correspondent is under obligations to D. S. Thomas for courtesies. Clement Bros'. Concert co. booked for 19th; Remenyi 28th.

BLOOMINGTON.

Opera House (Tillotson and Fell, managers): 15th, grand concert by Hastings' Military Band, to an immense audience; more than two hundred were turned away for want of room; every seat filled, and standing room at a premium. The great attraction was Marie Litta, who appeared in two selections, and was greeted with most enthusiastic applause.

Indiana.

VINCENNES.

14th, Philip Phillips, assisted by his son, James C., gave a concert at the M. E. Church, to a crowded house. Through some mistake of management, Green's Opera House was not used. Their sacred songs were well rendered and well received.

Items: N. D. Da Bella, general agent Robert Stickney's Circus, was here 15th and billed them for 28th.—George W. Morris, general agent Thornton's Circus, came 17th, intending to bill for July 10, but was unable to make satisfactory arrangements.

LAFAYETTE.

With the exception of the exercises of the Lafayette High School, and the meeting of the Woman's Suffrage Convention, the Opera House has been unoccupied for the past two weeks. F. E. McGindley, manager of the Opera House, has been on the sick-list for the past week, but at present is reported better. Nothing booked.

RICHMOND.

Grand Opera House: Esther was presented by the "domestic" talent of this place the 15th and 16th, to poor houses. 'Tis gratifying to note that Richmond has at last refused to support home talent.

Iowa.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Haverly's Widow Bedott troupe came 12th, to good business. Mr. Burgess' support is good in every respect. Tony Denier's troupe came 14th, to big house. This is a good co. D'Oyly Carte's Pirates of Penzance co. will present that opera on the 22d.

Item: The 19th promises to be a big day for the Inter-Ocean show, since it is Saturday and the first show of the kind this season.

CEDAR RAPIDS.

Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty comb., with new specialties, 8th. Business fair, and as usual the entertainment pleased everybody. Van Amburg's Circus had rather poor business 10th. The show is inferior in most respects. The Inter-Ocean is well billed for 23d. They show at Marshalltown 22d. Sells Bros.' show is booked for 30th, and P. T. Barnum's for July 17.

DUBUQUE.

The Orpheon Minstrels, a newly-organized co., played 17th, 18th and 19th, to fair houses. The co. is composed of a strong corps of artists, and, under the management of the Kennedy Bros. (Sam and Dr. A. B.), will undoubtedly meet with success. Shows rather scarce.

KEOKUK.

May Fiske's Blondes are booked for 21st. Tony Denier comes latter part of this month.

Item: It is reported that the proprietor of Gibbons' Opera House (our old one) intends to lower it to the second floor, putting in galleries, boxes, etc., fixing it up in grand style. If true, then we will be well supplied.

Kansas.

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LEAVENWORTH.

New Opera House: Haverly's co., supporting Neil Burgess in Widow Bedott, played to fair business 15th. D'Oyly Carte's Opera co. in Pirates of Penzance, played to big business 16th. Co. fair and scenery excellent. Coming: Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty 25th. After that, house will be closed until Sept. 1.

TOPEKA.

Gilbert and Sullivan's Pirates visited us 15th, to a packed house. Haverly's Widow Bedott co., to good business 17th. Neil Burgess is immense. Coming: Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty 21st, which will certainly draw good.

Item: John Thompson and wife are in the city.

Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE.

Macauley's: Haverly's Mastodons occupied the boards 14th, 15th and 16th, and succeeded in packing the theatre from pit to dome. The universal verdict is that the Mastodons are at the head and front of minstrelsy. The only regret is, that they did not stay the week out. If they had they would have succeeded in doing the largest business of the season. There is not a doubt but that the co. will create a sensation in old England. The two Billys, Rice and Emmerson, and Welch and McAndrews, are the cards of the show. The chorus is very strong and well trained, and enables the songs to be brought out in superior style. Route from here is Indianapolis 17th and 18th, then Brooklyn 28th, two weeks. Nothing booked until next season.

Knickerbocker: A fine show to large business. This house has a monopoly at the present time, being the only one open in the city. The features of the week were the Catletts in Lancashire clog dances; the Etzeltine Sisters, May Vernon, Charles and Anna Whiting, the Dutch Mendels, Leonard and Flynn, Smith and Leopold. New people 21st: Frank Bell, Minnie Kent, J. C. Murphey, Dollie Foster, Turner and Foster, Charles and Annie Whiting and the Etzeltine Sisters.

Items: J. W. McAndrews, the Watermelon Man, joined Haverly's Mastodons here, and Will Lavake closed his engagement and will spend the Summer in Louisville.—M. W. Rawley, late of the Barney Macauley comb., arrived home this week.—J. H. Whallen's benefit took place at the "Met." 14th, to good biz.—J. J. Riley and wife were in the city this week, and made a hit at Whallen's benefit.—Theatrical news is on the decline; nothing of importance may be expected until September.—As the season has come to a close your correspondent takes this opportunity of thanking the several managers of this city for the many courtesies received during the season, and particularly the members of the profession who saw fit to present him with a valuable cameo ring, which will always be worn in remembrance of the occasion.

Maryland.

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BALTIMORE.

Catonsville Lyceum Hall: As was expected, The Doctor of Alcantara made a decided hit. The cast was:

Inez (maid to Donna Lucrezia).....Mrs. Seguin
Isabella (daughter of Donna Lucrezia) Miss Bockel
Donna Lucrezia (wife of Dr. Paracelsus) Mme. Hammer
Dr. Paracelsus of Alcantara P. St. John Kneller
Senor Balthazar.....George A. Gardner
Carlos (his son).....Robert S. Fowler
Don Pomposo.....George May
Perroz.....G. C. Ogle
Sancho.....Harry Furst

Mrs. Seguin sang and acted the part of Inez in a charming manner, and won new laurels for herself. Her appearance on the stage on Monday night was the signal for round after round of applause. Of the support nothing but praise can be said; Miss Bockel and Mme. Hammer sang their parts most creditably, and Mr. St. John Kneller gave the difficult role of Dr. Paracelsus a rendition of which many a professional might have been proud. The duet of Messrs. Ogle and Furst made one of the hits of the piece. The chorus was about forty strong, well trained and quite effective, as was also the orchestra under Prof. Hammer. 29th, George Denham and Blanche Chapman will appear in Holliday's Checkmate, supported by a strong amateur cast. The opera of Martha is in preparation.

The Elks: Last Sunday evening the Baltimore Lodge, No. 7, B. P. O. E., opened their new rooms, at Gay and Baltimore streets, in quite a formal manner. A programme was gotten up consisting of vocal and instrumental music, recitations etc. The American Quartet sang some very pretty and appropriate selections. Mr. Carlberg, by special request, sang "Kathleen Mavourneen." Mr. Carlberg is one of our best baritones, and it is a pity that he is not heard ottener. A very nice repast was served, and during the evening toasts were drunk, the first being to "Our Absent Brethren." At midnight the entire co. rose to its feet, sang "Auld Lang Syne," and went home, wishing long life and prosperity to Baltimore Lodge No. 7, B. P. O. E.

Item: Mrs Segum is visiting the family of Mr. Eugene Carrington, the genial manager of the Catonsville Lyceum Hall.

Massachusetts.

SALEM.

Mechanic Hall: Bray, Wambold and Ellis' Dime show, which did a surprisingly large business on its first visit here, returned for a week, beginning 14th, and has done very fairly, considering there were but four new people in the co. Walter Bray and Ned Wambold have both made themselves popular here, the former especially making friends both as an actor and as a gentleman. The same co. could come here in the winter and play a week to good business.

The Willows: This summer resort will be in running order about July 1. The big iron building is up, and George W. Heath of Lynn is building the stage and C. W. Doble is painting the scenery. The stage is 46 feet wide at the proscenium opening, and deep enough for all necessary purposes. It is unfortunate that the proprietor of the Willows should make poor selections for his press and business agent. Last year Mr. Peabody did not "pan out" well, and for the present season, a man named Butterfield has been engaged, whose first effort in connection with the Boston newspapers was to antagonize their representatives in Salem by ignoring them and styling the whole of them as a "lot of country correspondents." It so happens that in Salem there is not a single correspondent who has been connected with the large dailies less than five years, and some of them date back to 1865; so it will be seen that they enjoy the confidence of their respective offices; and Butterfield, I guess, has found it out by this time. The man who wouldn't give a civil answer to so obliging and unassuming a gentleman as Warren Moulton of the Globe will find it mighty hard work to get the Willows advertised free.

Items: Sergeant Ahearne of this city and his three children, Frank, Henry, and Annie, better known as the "Montgomery Midgets," will leave his business for the stage. The military drill of these children, who are but five, seven, and nine respectively, is the best act of its kind I ever have seen. The midgets are well known in this part of New England, and command a good price as an attraction. They will give satisfaction to any audience.—Minnie A. Smith of this city, who has gained considerable fame as a vocalist, gave a soiree musicale last Monday night, which was largely attended.—Mamie Upton of this city, the handsome Little Buttercup of Bennett and Moulton's co., and one of the finest singers in the city, has given up her intention of going into the profession. Both her talents and her beauty will be missed.—Rice's Evangeline co. appeared 16th, to light business.—21st, Cooper & Bailey's Great London show.

TAUNTON.

A Dime show comes the 21st, for a week. It is sure of large houses.

Michigan.

DETROIT.

Detroit Opera House: Tony Pastor and his excellent co. presented their evening's entertainment to a good house last Monday night. The co. contains many new and original features, but some are "old enough to vote," and ought to have been laid on the shelf long ago. The good features were the Rankins, Bryant and Hoey, and the Four Eccentrics. The Kernell Bros. were fair, but not new enough. The French Twin Sisters did their dancing act nicely. Fanny Beane's dancing is perfection. Charles Diamond's act is so stale that it ought to have been omitted; same song and words and steps and twang on his harp, year in and year out, are too much of a good thing. The St. Felix Sisters I don't like to criticise, but how so judicious a manager as Mr. Paster can allow these four young girls to murder harmony and execute their dances, when he has so many better attractions—as Flora Moore, Bonnie Runnells, Lina Tetterborn—in reserve, is beyond my comprehension. The afterpiece, "Go West," fell decidedly flat, but few remaining to witness it, and those few were greatly disappointed. Friday night and Saturday matinee and evening Daly's Arabian Night occupied the house. This co. is an exceptionally good one, and though opening to a very poor house, and without programmes, made an excellent impression. The play is full of of fun, and the chief purpose of amusement-seekers in hot weather is to be made to laugh and be merry. John Drew was all that could be desired as Alfred Spinkle. Mrs. Charles Poole as the omnipresent mother-in-law was painfully realistic, as some young married men could testify to. Ada Rehan made an instant and great hit as the real niece. Through some neglect or accident the programmes were non est, and probably not ten persons in the audience knew who the lady might be; yet on her entrance for the second act, she had so charmed her audience that she was greeted with tempestuous applause. Surely a very pretty compliment and one well deserved. Maggie Harrold, as the Wild Rose, did not satisfy us by any means. Parkes as Moodle, did well, but Parkes is the same old sixpence in whatever clothes he parades. Harry Lacy as the artist showed great improvement since his last appearance here with the Diplomacy party, and in his scene with Miss Rehan divided the honors. The route ahead is for this week—Ypsilanti, Adrian, Jackson, Grand Rapids (two nights), Battle Creek. This week, Haverly's Mastodons on Tuesday and Wednesday nights, and Daly's Royal Middy Friday and Saturday. Pat Reilly's benefit to-morrow (Monday) night.

Whitney's Grand: Closed indefinitely.

Items: An interesting event to Detroiters in the production of the Royal Middy will be the appearance of May Fielding, who assumes the character of the Queen. Miss Fielding is known in private life as Mrs. Cornell, and was formerly Miss May Scovel, a handsome and accomplished society belle of this city, the daughter of the late Dr. Scovel, and sister of Mr. Edward Scovel, who is now in Europe studying for the lyric stage.—J. L. Brezee, formerly of the local staff of the Free Press, will be a member of Mary Anderson's company next season, and will no doubt make rapid advancement in his new profession.—George P. Goodale, city editor and dramatic critic of the Free Press, is on business in New York.

GRAND RAPIDS.

Powers' Opera House: 14th and 15th, C. L. Davis to fair houses. Supporting co. was poor. Booked: 24th and 25th, Daly's Arabian Night; 29th and 30th, Royal Middy.

Smith's: Manager Smith reports business good. The bill presented past week was a strong one, and included Sage, Richardson and Young in their sketch entitled Fat and Thin; Gibson and Binney, song-and-dance artists, and Capitola Forrest and Laura Bennett in their skipping-rope dances.

MUSKEGON.

Opera House: Remenyi comes 23d.

Minnesota.

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ST. PAUL.

Opera House: Closed for two weeks. There are no cos. or combs. booked for balance of month. Everything in the amusement line quiet, with the exception of numerous public concerts and band excursions to White Bear and Elmo lakes, given by the Great Western and Union Brass bands, which prove very pleasant during the heated term. Miss Pauline Nininger, the accomplished prima donna, who has for several years occupied a prominent place on the operatic stage in the leading cities of Europe, has returned to St. Paul on a visit. She will remain in the city for a short time as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Capt. Whitney, and her brother, Mr. Ramsey Nininger.

Missouri.

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ST. LOUIS.

Pickwick Theatre: Owing to the departure of the Pickwick Theatre co. to Chicago, where, by the way, they have been exceedingly successful, the theatre has remained closed during the week, with the exception of Wednesday night, when the reader, Mrs. Harriet Webb, gave an entertainment, reading a number of very fine selections in a style which stamped her as mistress of her art. The audience was not large, but highly appreciative. It is understood that Mrs. Webb will settle in New York, in which case she will prove an acquisition to the elocutionists of the metropolis. Certain it is that few readers that have appeared in St. Louis equal her. 21st, the Opera di Camera co., from the Bijou Theatre, New York, will commence an engagement. Great preparations are being made for the production of Nichette; or, The Volunteers, the translation name for Planquette's Les Voltigeurs, which will be produced by the regular co.

Uhrig's Cave: The second week of The Doctor of Alcantara and Box and Cox was marked with an increase of patronage, the weather being propitious for outdoor amusements. A change was made in the cast in the early part of the week, Gertie Malmene being substituted for Ruby Thornton in the role of Lucrezia, while Miss Manfred took a brief rest. Miss Le Petre doing very well in the soubrette character of Inez. The opera of The Elixir of Love, by Donizetti, is underlined for next week, commencing 21st.

Miscellaneous: The new Thalia Theatre, a down-town establishment, has been opened by a German comedy co., with Henri Laurent and Blanche Corelli as the attractions. The general management is by Mr. Laurent; the music is led by Fred Schillinger.—John W. Norton and wife have returned to the East, after enjoying the races here.—Esher Bros. have opened a free variety show on St. Charles street, near Seventh, depending on the bar receipts to make expenses. The establishment is entirely new, is bright and roomy and very tastefully arranged, and, from appearances, business is good.—Frank Howard and wife (Mrs. Metlar) are in town disengaged.—Barnum has the town billed and will come here in August.—So successful were the races, that it has been decided to hold a Fall meeting.—Louise Manfred, the leading soprano at Uhrig's Cave, has, during her brief stay in St. Louis, made hosts of friends and admirers. Not only is her personal appearance most charming and her voice sweet and of great compass, but she is a more than ordinarily clever and versatile actress. The characters of Martha and Inez, in which she has thus far appeared, are distinctively different in tone and treatment, and she did both entire justice. Her Inez was one of the best soubrette performances yet given in St. Louis. During the early part of the week she was indisposed, but has resumed her role, being warmly greeted upon her reappearance.

ST. JOSEPH.

Tootle's Opera House: 14th, Haverly's Widow Bedott, to fair business, but nothing to what it deserved. It is an excellent co. Manager Hopkins says they have had good business everywhere. 18th and 18th, D'Oyly Carte's Pirates of Penzance; 26th, Tony Denier's H. D.; 29th, Cardinal Wiseman's drama, Hidden Gem, by local talent (the Brothers' College). July 10, Damon and Pythias by an imported co., under the auspices of the Knights of Pythias.

Apollo Garden: Lively; good show, good business.

Nebraska.

OMAHA.

Tony Denier's Humpty-Dumpty Troupe were greeted by a packed house 16th. The co. is an exceptionally good one, and many new features were introduced. George H. Adams more than sustained the reputation he has justly earned, and the audience, in a continual roar of laughter, showed their appreciation of his efforts. His performance entitles him to the title, "King of the Stilts." The entertainment on the whole was a pleasant success. The Davenport Bros. failed to come to time very acceptably. As the reason was evident, they were hissed more than once during their performance. At the sale of seats this morning (18th) for the Pirates of Penzance, to be given 21st, by the D'Oyly Carte Opera co., a large crowd was in waiting, and the seats were rapidly taken. A packed house is sure to greet them, as it is the first rendering of the opera here. The benefit to Miss Hendricks, formerly of the C. L. Davis' co., has been postponed to the 26th.

New Hampshire.

CONCORD.

The Great London Circus came 17th, and attracted immense audiences at both performances. It is estimated that at least 10,000 persons were present, and the majority left the grounds in a very dissatisfied state of mind, owing to the numerous impositions practiced by the management. In the first place, many of the attractions so extensively advertised did not appear, and some of those represented to be part of the main exhibition could only be seen upon payment of an extra fee beyond the price of admission, in the entertainment which took place in the ring after the circus was over. This latter, too, was a fraud—promising much and giving very little, and that of very poor quality. Altogether it was the most extensively advertised circus that ever visited these parts, and left behind it the poorest reputation of any. At present writing there is nothing new to report in the way of entertainments.

MANCHESTER.

The London Circus packed their tents both afternoon and evening, 18th, and gave great satisfaction. Nothing booked at the Opera House until September.

New Jersey.

JERSEY CITY.

Academy of Music: Coming 24th, 25th and 26th, with matinee, Harrigan and Hart in the Mulligan Guard's Surprise.

Opera House: 21st, dramatic and musical entertainment for benefit of Mr. McKelvie, a prominent singer who lost his sight recently.

Central Theatre: Variety performance. As usual this pretty little theatre is doing a good business.

New York.

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ROCHESTER.

Grand Opera House: Daly's Arabian Night co. drew fair houses 14th and 15th. Abbey and Hickey's Humpty Dumpty and Spanish Students comb. appeared 19th, to fine audience. They gave a first-class entertainment. Daly's Royal Middy 21st and 22d. Nothing announced for balance of week.

Corinthian Academy of Music: Salsbury's Troubadours did a good business 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th. Jay Rial's Uncle Tom's Cabin 23d and 24th.

Items: Rumor has it that we are to have a first-class variety theatre the coming Winter. There is no doubt but such an investment would succeed if carried out by a good manager, who would present good talent to the people, and not run it as a beer garden.—The Grand Opera House has been repainted externally, which adds much to its appearance.—Frank D. Hall of the Strategists is in town, as also is J. M. Charles, an old favorite of our theatre-goers.—Your representative was brought up "standing" the other evening by a prominent manager, who scrutinized credentials closely, and remarked: "The NEW YORK MIRROR? Why, certainly; we always recognize that enterprising and valuable publication; but the fact is, there are several obscure so-called theatrical sheets that 'work' us with their 'cards,' and we will necessarily have to put our foot down on some of them, and the managers will get their backs up ere long and 'shut' down on these 'squibs.'" With a hearty "Glad to have you call," we passed on, and could hear mutterings dire relative to the defunct Looking-Glass of a Pennsylvania city.

BUFFALO.

Academy of Music: Taking into consideration the extreme heat and sultry weather of the last week, amusements have been fairly liberally patronized. We have seen some first class attractions this week—Salsbury's ever-welcome Troubadours for two nights and a matinee, in their very pleasant specialty, The Brook, followed by Augustin Daly's Arabian Night, introducing one of the best companies that have ever appeared upon our boards, in one of the most pleasing of modern plays, with such excellent actors as John Drew, Harry Lacy, George Parkes, William Davidge, E. P. Wilkes, and Frank Bennett, and as for the lady members of the company, Miss Maggie Harrold, as the dashing Rosa Maybloom, won many warm admirers. Miss Ada Rehan, as Kate Spinkle, was, as a lady remarked in my hearing, "just too sweet for anything." Mrs. Charles Poole as the ever curious mother-in-law filled the part in every particular, and Misses Blanche Weaver, May Sylvie and Georgie Flagg were excellent in their different characters. We shall look forward with pleasure to another visit from this excellent company. Abbey and Hickey's Humpty Dumpty and Spanish Students attracted and pleased a good sized audience Friday evening. For this week we are to have The Royal Middy Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, when Miss May Fielding (Mrs. R. R. Cornell of this city) will appear. Friday and Saturday, Rial and Draper's Uncle Tom's Cabin will be produced.

ALBANY.

Leland Opera House: Daly's Royal Middy was presented 18th and 19th for the first time in this city, and by the original cast. Catherine Lewis, May Fielding and J. E. Brand succeeded in making a very favorable impression. Balance of cast rather light; business good. 21st, annual benefit of Fred. A. Du Bois, Treasurer of the Leland,

on which occasion Salsbury's Troubadours will appear. July 1, Haverly's Mastodons.

Martin House: Closed.

Tweddle Hall: Nothing booked.

Items: The improvements which are to be made in Tweddle Hall during the Summer months will be commenced during the coming week.—Augustin Daly was in town Saturday.—Prof. Brumaghim, elocutionist, made a highly favorable impression in his readings 15th.—The Globe Comedy co. of this city play We Bachelors at Canajoharie, July 5.

BATAVIA.

Opera House: McGibeny Family, 15th 16th, to average fair business. Quite a good entertainment.

Items: The manager of the McGibeny Family, J. B. Goodliff, was attacked the night of the 11th by highwaymen, at Warsaw, N. Y., while driving from the village to the depot, but he succeeded in escaping without losing anything.—Ira Brady, our popular bill-poster, has now full control of all bill-boards in town, and all business sent to him will receive prompt attention.

SYRACUSE.

Grand Opera House: Baldwin Baby Opera co., in Pinafore, 18th and 19th matinee. Good business; good performance.

Items: Both houses are closed until the 29th, when Haverly's Mastodons open at the Wieting.—The above will close the season until Aug. 26, when Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West open.

UTICA.

Opera House: House-cleaning time until 30th, when Haverly's Mastodons hold the boards Their "Liths" are very handsome.

City Opera House: The Musicale under Prof. Geiboth 16th, passed off very smoothly. Nothing ahead.

HORNELLSVILLE.

Dr. James L. Thayer's Circus has spread canvas for 21st. The State Convention of Free-Thinkers will probably be held in this place next September. Dr. Shattuck has offered the Opera House gratis for the occasion.

AUBURN.

Both houses closed the season. E. J. Matson, manager of the Academy of Music, has just returned from a two weeks' trip to New York, where he made some first class engagements for coming season.

Ohio.

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COLUMBUS.

Comstock's: Tony Pastor could not well afford to slight Columbus during his Summer tour, as evidenced by the tremendous house he enjoyed 16th. It was fearfully packed and many hundreds turned away. The co. appears to be a cheaper one than usual, but it gave as satisfactory a show as any Tony has brought here. Our Columbus boys, the three Rankins, do one of the nicest acts on the variety stage to-day, and won prolonged applause. The French Twin Sisters, in their artistic dances, are as pleasing as ever, while their little sister sang Little Buttercup prettily. She was the charming Buttercup of Haverly's Juvenile Pinafore co. The same old Tony appeared, but in new comic songs and "kids." Bryant and Hoey retain their very laughable musical act, in which one of the most energetic conversations on record is produced. Bryant on his cornet, a la Levy, is simply immense while Hoey, as a comedian, is really great. The St. Felix Sisters form an interesting quartette, executing a pretty act, entitled Love's Last Farewell, in nice style. They are neat little ladies, two of them quite pretty, and their closing act of marching and singing the Turkish Patrol is new and was heartily applauded. A great disappointment, which was barely apologized for, was the non-appearance of Fannie Beane, whose excellent dancing was anxiously awaited for by many admirers. Her husband, Charles Gilday, is simply "no good." Harry and John Kernell present some new business in addition to their old act, A Sidewalk Conversation, and bring down the house just as hard as ever. The Four Eccentrics, Perry, Magrew, Curdy and Hughes perform in a style that is remarkable—the tallest of the number being 6 ft. 8 in., and about as fat as two matches. Charles Diamond handles his harp about the same as when at the old Atheneum years ago, although he appeared then in black face. He played a charming medley of popular songs, including some of Scanlan's and Rooney's. He should taboo vigorous dancing, as the effect is marred, the graceful being the better. Bonnie Runnells, a noisy Dutchman, and Lina Tettenborn, a neat German soubrette, form a good team, appearing in the afterpiece Go West on the Emigrant Train, which is only a fair burlesque of the Tourists and might be greatly improved. Flora Moore appears with some ludicrous plantation songs which ought to be done in a black face. Frank Girard, brother of pretty Kate, duets with little Eva French, and Lina Tettenborn gives us Das Wasserfall, done here before by Annie Pixley. Minnie Palmer. Ethel Lynton, and a host of others. The whole forms a very entertaining vaudeville and will greatly enrich Tony's reputation and pocket.

Items: Mary Beebe of the Ideal Opera co. is home spending a Summer vacation, and will sing at a complimentary benefit to herself, 25th, when she will be assisted by Tom Karl and the Columbus favorites, Miss Tillie Gemunder, Mrs. T. H. Orndorff, Wm. Bach, Prof. H. Eckhardt and quintette.—I was mistaken last week in announcing the Employes' Benefit at Comstock's to be under the management of C. H. Bennard; it should have been Phil. H. Beltzer. Additional talent, to be presented, includes the Hayes Dramatic Club in That Rascal Pat, Sandie McDermott, Tommy Queen, Fremont Davis and Tommy Kain.

CLEVELAND.

Opera House: Abbey's Humpty Dumpty troupe and Spanish Students drew fair houses 14th, 15th and 16th. The well-worn pantomime was made unusually interesting by the introduction of several new tricks. The excellent acting of Messrs. Fraser, Maffitt, Jones and Bartholomew (who alternate as Clown and Pantaloon) and the exceedingly graceful movements of Pauline Barretta and John F. Raymond, as Columbine and Harlequin. The Students were greeted most cordially and encored again and again. House closed balance of week and until 24th, when Haverly's Mastodons pay us a farewell three nights' visit, previous to their departure for Europe.

Academy: Closed last week except Monday until Thursday evening, when George Holland's Comedy co. presented Our Gentlemen Friends to a rather small audience. Mr. Holland has one of the finest cos. I have ever seen on the Academy stage, and they worked hard to convey the impression that Our Gentlemen Friends is a play of considerable merit. I am inclined, however, to think that the co. is far superior to the piece, and I very much doubt if the latter will ever attain a very great popularity. Nothing booked for this week.

Comique: The usual variety bill, introducing Fanny Valadi, Leonard and Flynn, Alf Baker, Nellie Hayward, McPherson and O'Neil, and John Carle. Business fair in spite of the hot weather.

Items: Doorkeeper Finney's benefit at the Academy last Monday night was numerously attended, but the performance was decidely amateurish and the prompter's services in frequent demand.—A rumor is afloat that Mr. Montpelier, the present lessee of the Academy, will expend $20,000 this Summer in improving and altering the same.—The regular season of Summer-night garden concerts will be inaugurated at Haltworth's next Wednesday evening.

AKRON.

Nothing dramatic; nothing booked. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday second festival of the Central Ohio Saengerbund was held. Among the prominent singers were Mrs. J. C. Hull of New York, Alex. H. Bischoff, H. Strand of Cleveland, Mrs. Henry Perkins, Mrs. Esther Barber Haynes of Akron, John Ranney, Cleveland, Dr. G. G. Baker, Akron.

YOUNGSTOWN.

Opera House: 15th, George Holland, in Our Gentlemen Friends, to good house. 26th, C. L. Davis.

Pennsylvania.

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PITTSBURG.

Opera House: Jay Rial's Uncle Tom party played to moderate business last week. The company proved rather inferior, and probably met with all the success deserved. Owing to the manner in which the piece was received by the audiences during the past week, Manager Ellsler has organized a company of his own, styling it "John Ellsler's Uncle Tom Party," and will keep the play on another week. The cast will include Maggie Muhlanbring, Eva Miller, Lizzie Hardy, J. H. Fitzpatrick, John Ogden, Little Vina, E. F. Eberle, W. A. Lavelle, Walter Standish and Drew Martin. A band of Colored Jubilee Singers has been secured, and a trick mule provided for Lawyer Marks. The impression is current here that Manager Ellsler is making a mistake in keeping his house open during this season of the year. He certainly cannot make any money out of this Midsummer season, while the reputation of his house suffers to a greater or less extent. It would certainly be much better to have the house closed up tight.

Williams' Academy: Pat Rooney's New York Star comb. closed a fair week's business 19th. The endeavors of the co. seemed to give good satisfaction, judging from the liberal applause bestowed upon each act. Probably the best feature of the entertainment was the musical act of Wood and Beasley. These gentlemen are certainly proficient in their art, and tend in no small way toward making Rooney's comb. a success. Ella Mayo, in "selections from her inexhaustable repertoire," sang several old songs in good style. Her beauty and fine stage appearance completely captured the boys. Jeppe and Fannie Delano, Morris and Fields, Reynolds and Walling, Billy Carter, and Lamont and Ducrow, were seen in old acts, re-colored and re-decorated. Pat Rooney sang some of his popular songs, and then came The Clockmaker's Hat (characters by the co.), which concluded the programme.

Items: Manager Williams publicly announces that the Academy will now remain closed until Sept. 6, when the Fall and Winter season will be inaugurated.—I am glad to state that the benefit to Charles La Forrest 16th was well attended.—Coup's Circus will exhibit at East Liberty July 7th.—Prices at the Opera House have been reduced to 15, 35 and 50 cents. Duprez and Benedict's Minstrels disbanded at Altoona, Pa., 19th. Some of the party came to this city, and are now here.—It is rumored here that Lillian Spencer of this city has been engaged by Max Strakosch, and will open at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, the latter dart of August.

PHILADELPHIA.

Wood's: Zeke Bigelow; or, A New England Farmer, is performed every evening and at the daily matinees. The exceedingly warm weather occasioned small audiences.

New National: The Actors' comb. close their season with A Celebrated Case, which was played to a fair audience on Monday. It will be given throughout this week, when the house closes for repairs.

Mænnerchor Garden: D'Auria's select concerts continue to attract excellent audiences.

Miller's: Carroll and Wesley, Sheeon and Lynch, Hawley and Manning, Alice Evans, Nellie Hadfield and Frank Lewis.

Alhambra: Everett and Daly, Leonard and Jones, Edith Sinclair and Ed F. Barnes, and Nellie Bernard.

Items: Walnut closed its doors 19th inst.—P. E. Curren, lately managing Co. B of the Pirates, has resumed his old position at the Permanent Exhibition.—Work at the New Chestnut is being rapidly pushed.—The mother-in-law of Carl Sentz, the orchestral leader, died of heart-disease last week, while riding in a street car.

BRADFORD.

Wagner's Opera House: Jay Rial's Uncle Tom comb., 22d. Nothing booked. Season very dull. Messrs. Wagner and Reis are now in New York engaging attractions.

Novelty Theatre: New faces, 21st Sheridan and Reilly, Irish biz; Tom Harper, Jessie Merton, Minnie Jackson, vocalists. Departures 19th: John Cannon to Pittsburg; Georgie Bell to Buffalo. Retained: Add Weaver and Nellie Parker, Sharpley and West.

DANVILLE.

Theatricals in this locality are very quiet. The centre of attraction seems to be in the tenting line. Welch and Sands' Circus spent their Sunday here, and will show 21st.

Item: Two young men of this city have written "A Temperance Allegory," which has been produced here and met with flattering success. They are having it copyrighted with the intention of taking the road next season.

WILKESBARRE.

The New Orleans University Singers 17th, to good house. Murray & White have leased the City Garden Hall and open 21st as a summer variety theatre. Archie White, Ella Esmond, the Murrays and others will comprise the co.

EASTON.

We have had nothing in the dramatic line during the past week, and have nothing in expectancy. The season may be considered as very decidedly closed.

Rhode Island.

NOTICE.—The credentials of correspondents of THE MIRROR expire on the 30th of this month. Communications requesting a renewal must be accompanied by the credentials for the season now closed.

—As Fourth of July will be celebrated on the 5th, correspondents are requested to send their letters a day earlier for that week.

PROVIDENCE.

Opera House: Closed the season with Harrigan and Hart's comb last week. They appeared in the popular Mulligan Guards Surprise to overflowing houses. Earlier in the week, Daly's Royal Middy appeared to good houses, and gave the best of satisfaction.

Theatre Comique: Mme. Duclos' Folly Troupe continues still another week. Among the specialty talent the names of Foster and Hughes, Mealy, Mackey, Kitty McDermott, Carrie Brower and Maggie Le Clair appear. Annie Livingstone and other favorites remain. Kids at Fun is the afterpiece.

Sans Souci Garden: The Contrabandista is finely sung here, and draws very well. Next week the very popular opera, Fatinitza, will be produced, and will test the enlarged seating capacity of the pavilion. The co. is a good one, and in a more popular opera will show to much better advantage.

Park Garden: Opened the Summer season 14th, and gave to the public the first production of the new opera, The Ambassador's Daughter. The plot is a simple one, and hangs upon a young American officer's imprudence. After dining with friends, being somewhat under the influence of wine, he raises the curtain of the palauquin in which is seated the Princess, who is the affianced of the Chinese Emperor, and salutes her. For this, he is sentenced to be executed. The officer (finely personated by Charles Drew) is engaged to be married to the Ambassador's Daughter, who, hearing of his trouble, seeks an interview with the Emperor, and by her wiles succeeds in so pleasing him that he pardons the young officer, and so all ends as it should. There are several plots and intrigues woven in, making the opera two acts in length and keeping up the interest to the end. The scenery is magnificent. The costumes are perfect in every detail. The music is so peculiar and thoroughly Chinese in its combination, the city so realistic with its different buildings and streets, through and out of which the inhabitants in their Chinese costumes, with fans and parasols, are continually passing, that it really makes one feel as though in a foreign land. A large number of visitors have witnessed the opera and other attractions the past week, and Managers Shirly and Reeves are receiving many congratulations upon the entertainments given. 23d, Charles Le Roy, champion rider of the world, will ride twenty miles in an hour, using ten horses to accomplish the feat. 24th, grand meeting of the Masons, both resident and visiting. They will visit the Garden in the evening, when Colt's Band of Hartford, Chandler's Band of Portland and our own American Band, will discourse "sweet music"—after which a display of water fireworks, under Prof. Blank's management.

Rocky Point Coliseum, George Hackett Manager: Will open July 5, with the new burlesque entitled Oleomargarine, in which John F. Sheridan takes part.

NEWPORT.

Bull's Opera House: Rice's ever-popular Evangeline co. 19th, to a fair audience, considering the very many times the piece has been produced here. It was, however, well performed by this co.

Tennessee.

NASHVILLE.

Both theatres closed. Nothing booked until September. During the Summer new opera houses are to be erected at Gallatin and Columbia. George Petway, who is confined in jail for the murder of James Ferris of Coup's Circus, made an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide on Thursday last, and is in a critical condition. THE MIRROR can be had at any of the news-stands on Saturday morning.

Virginia.

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RICHMOND.

Theatre: Closed. The next season will commence Sept. 27, with J. T. Ford's Southern co.

Virginia Hall: Pinafore on 28th; a troupe of colored amateurs. They will man the ship for three nights.

Theatre Comique: The chief attractions for the week will be Harry Clifford, Barton Smith and Mlle. Texana Rosemary. There are no departures or arrivals. Business hardly fair.

Items: Charles L. Siegel has formed an English Opera troupe for the Summer season, composed of the following artists: Mme. Caroline Richings-Bernard, prima-donna; Miss Mary Roemer, Pierre Bernard, E. W. Hoff, and J. S. Greensfelder. They will commence operations in August, visiting all the Virginia Springs.—W. J. Bigger, long connected with the profession in this city, died on the 13th.

Wisconsin.

BELOIT.

Goodwin's Opera House: Haverly's Church Choir Opera co. presented the double bill of Trial by Jury and Pinafore, to good house 11th. The solos of Raymond and Liverman were heartily encored. Coming: Clement Bros. and Forrester the 21st. Barnum's Show exhibits here to-day and the people are flocking in town by hundreds,

Canada.

TORONTO.

Theatres all closed for season. Berger Family and Sol Smith Russell appear at the Horticultural Gardens 21st and week. Forepaugh's Circus 14th and 15th to great business. Hundreds turned away first night.

HAMILTON.

Dundurn Park: The popular Dime co. began a series of "al fresco" entertainments at the above resort. Aurora Floyd was played 16th, to a very large audience. The piece was well presented, the scenery being particularly fine.

Nova Scotia.

HALIFAX.

Mr. S. Sickel has leased the Exhibition Building and fitted it up for concerts, under the name of the Royal Exhibition Hall. The building was opened on the 12th by Wilhelmj, Max Vogrich and Mme. Salvotti. There was a large audience present. Owing to three members of the Ideal Comedy Opera co. being on board the steamer Narragansett at the time of the disaster, the co. were unable to appear here until the 11th.

A Professional Beauty.

Presented at the Imperial Theatre, June 1; a three-act comedy by Vincent Ambrose. The story opens with an "At Home" in the house of Mr. Carraway, an old gentleman who, having made a considerable sum of money by retail dealings in such prosaic commodities as tea, sugar, soap, candles, etc., has retired into the genteel but somewhat dull regions of Bayswater. He is ambitious to get into society, and for this purpose spends a good deal of his hard-earned money in giving balls and other festivities. It is the eve of the marriage of his eldest daughter, Ethel, to Wilfrid Allendale, and the wedding presents, which take for the most part the shape of coal-scuttles, are pouring in. We soon make the acquaintance of the intended bridegroom, a young gentleman who appears to be a little blase, and whose ambition it is that his wife shall become a professional beauty and the rival of the Princess Olgaroff, who at the moment is all the rage. Blase and swellish as he is, this Allendale minds not in the least running off to fetch the wedding-dress, which has not come home. We further make the acquaintance of old Lord Goldsworthy, another parvenu, whose ancient name was Smith, who lets out the secret that he is in love with a damsel "fresh as a daisy," whom he has seen coming from South Kensington Museum, and he hopes to meet her again. Meet her again he does, for the damsel is none other than Laura, the second daughter of old Carraway, who is in love with Hugh Colwyn.

Among the visitors are also Sir Philip Everard and his wife, another fashionable beauty, from whom he is separated, but whom he meets on the most friendly terms. The act, which, by the way, is chiefly occupied with the reception of the presents above referred to, and with some smartly written dialogue holding up to ridicule some of the follies of modern society, ends by all present posing for a group to be "taken" by a photographer, whose presence has been requisitioned by Mr. Carraway, apparently ambitious to see himself, with certain beauties, exposed for sale in the shop-windows. The second act takes us to the mansion of my Lord Goldsworthy, who is giving a ball—fancy and otherwise. Mr. Carraway puts in an appearance as a Merry Swiss Boy. Two months have elapsed since the marriage of Wilfrid Allendale, and his ambition has been gratified. Ethel is now so far the reigning beauty that the Olgaroff's portrait is selling at half price. She lives in a whirl of excitement, and he is very proud indeed of her. So proud, indeed, that he is blind to the fact that her constant companion is Sir Philip Everard. To this fact his eyes are presently opened, and he becomes jealous. Ethel, in her turn, has her ears poisoned by a hint dropped by her rival, and, like Frou-Frou, becoming suddenly conscious of neglected duties and of danger to her happiness, she takes a sudden departure for home, her companion being an elderly spinster, who, by a practical joke, has been enticed to the ball under the pretense that it is a missionary meeting that is to be held.

This very trivial incident and its consequences form the whole groundwork for the third act. The spinster—who is a relative of Ethel's—afraid of her character for piety, has cautioned Ethel to keep her visit secret, and Ethel's refusal to say with whom she left the scene of festivity naturally still further excites the suspicions of her husband. He becomes furious when subsequently the cabman—a remarkably honest one—who has driven Ethel, returns with a handkerchief that has been left in his vehicle, for that handkerchief bears a monogram with the letters P. and E. Whose initials can they be but those of Sir Philip Everard? The way out of the difficulty is shown by the pious old maid, who claims the handkerchief and points out that Wilfrid has read the monogram the wrong way, and that "P. E." should be put "E. P." With the announced reconciliation between Sir Philip and his wife, and of the determination of the newly-married couple to retire into the country, and to seek happiness apart from the follies and gayeties of society, the piece is brought to a conclusion.

Booth's London Prospects.

One of the many drawbacks to Edwin Booth's success when he played in London in 1863—being but 29, he had not then acquired wide reputation in his own country—was the fact that he had accepted an engagement at the Haymarket, always associated in the minds of the British public with comedy instead of tragedy, with which the young actor was specially associated. That would be a small circumstance here; but over there, where everything is governed by custom and tradition, it was a great deal. Englishmen had been wont to go to the Haymarket merely to laugh, and the idea of going there to have their deeper emotions touched never occurred to them. Booth acted at the Haymarket several weeks, and, though he had not large houses, he gained as much and as cordial applause as he has had anywhere. He portrayed Richard III., Hamlet, and Shylock at first, but Shakespeare had no attraction for English theatre-goers then, and did not have until Henry Irving was brought into prominence by an American manager, the late H. L. Bateman.

When Booth appeared as Richelieu—he thinks of making his London debut in that character—he drew large and enthusiastic audiences; but, having grown tired of the British metropolis for various reasons, he ended his engagements abruptly. He regarded them, on the whole, as very unsatisfactory, though his London friends held a very different opinion. They thought it quite successful in the main, and said that if he had continued such parts as Richelieu, and extended his engagement, he would have been exceptionally prosperous.

When Booth steps again upon the London boards, there can scarcely be a doubt of his complete success; for he has improved immensely in the last seventeen years. His powers are now ripe; his impersonations have all been deeply studied, and are highly finished. If he wins marked favor from the critics, they will doubtless make him out an Englishman, as they can do without much difficulty, since his father, English-born, gained much fame in London, competing successfully with Edmund Kean. He was 27 when he first played in New York. Many people think the Booths descended from Barton Booth, the famous actor, who died in 1733. This is a mistake. Junius Brutus Booth was the first player in the family. His father, Edwin's grandfather, was a well-known solicitor in London.

A Mild Protest.

EDITOR NEW YORK MIRROR.

DEAR SIR:—In your issue of May 22, you publish an article, signed "Harry Hawk," that, notwithstanding the fact of his writing to "a friend," shows so much conceit on the part of the author, aside from not being the truth, that to go to my virtuous couch to-night without offering you my version would give me a glorious case of nightmare.

True, the Rankin company has come and conquered. As for the individual members I will say nothing, except as to the gentleman who takes to himself the credit of the company's success.

To those Americans who know a thing or two it will be unnecessary to devote any space to convince them there is more than one artist among the names of Sheridan, Lingham, Waldron, Holland, Harris, Peakes, Lee, Tanner, etc.; consequently I will devote what I have to say to Mr. Hawk.

The press and public were not backward in according a welcome to the above-named people, and many a laugh was bestowed upon the man of "nerve," who, had he the gumption of the average American, would have seen it was a "guy;" and had he the heart of a true American would have taken the first steamer home and sent out an artist worthy of an American representative.

It was very considerate of him to condescend to mention the other members (mentioning no names) of the co. who were called before the curtain, for which I feel sure they will tender their sincere thanks. And as for the Chinaman coming last, I will admit he did—yet why no one can tell; for surely he was not called, and particularly not wanted; for never was a Chinaman worse represented on any stage than by the self-praised man who speaks so highly of himself.

He says the opening performance was witnessed by an audience such as only London can turn out. How is this for a man who calls himself an American?

Perhaps it may be, our modest young man thinks, from playing Washee-Washee, he has become a real Chinaman, and anything foreign is better than America can turn out. Oh! Harry, Harry, how could you write so of a country that gave you your support and "lager-beer?" unless you intend to have a piece written with nothing in it but yourself—not even scenery—and expect to spend the few remaining years of your life in England, Vienna and Paris.

But don't go until the Prince of Wales sees your performance. He has not come yet, now your sixth week, which I can not understand—since you have made such a hit—while there was no other novelty in Europe for him to see; yet when I think of it there was standing-room only at the Pirates of Penzance, Money, The Shaughraun, Baker and Farron, Modjeska, Genevieve Ward and the great Irving, who in America would be as great a success as your Chinaman here. I associate your name with Irving because you both think you can act. The only difference is this: Irving wants $2,000 per night to go to America, while you are willing to come to England for your expenses. Trusting small actors in great companies going to foreign shores will profit by these few remarks, and, in future, give a little credit to their brother artists, I remain yours very respectfully.

P. T. J.

DUBLIN, June 5, 1880.

A Plea for Texas.

EDITOR NEW YORK MIRROR:

DEAR SIR:—I feel called upon, as a citizen of Texas, and as a manager from that State, to vindicate her fair name against the harsh and unfair criticisms in your and other papers published in this city, growing out of the result of the trial in Marshall, Texas, of James Currie, the murderer of poor Ben Porter.

At the time this murder was committed, and ever since when occasion for mention of it presented itself, the press in Texas has been outspoken in denunciation of this cruel and cowardly assassination. There was but one voice in the land, and it cried out for a speedy trial and prompt conviction of the perpetrator of this crime who, by this one fiendish act, might detract from the character that Texas holds as being one of the most hospitable States in the Union.

Currie was not a Texan. He was an Eastern man, and had not even the claim of its being his adopted home. He was sometimes in Texas, at other times in Kansas—a rover, a gambler and so-called desperado, such as may be found in every town and every State in the Union. He was placed upon trial in a town and county whose county offices were held by men representing a large negro majority. He was supported and sustained by his brother, who held the position of Mayor of Shreveport, by virtue of a large predominance of the negro vote in that county. I have not time to explain the many evils a country is subjected to in which the sheriff's and most responsible offices are held by the predominant vote of this ignorant and utterly irresponsible population; and I submit that under the circumstances the good name of Texas should not suffer because of the deplorable result of this trial.

The people throughout the whole State of Texas responded liberally to a call made upon them to relieve Mr. Porter's family, showing on what side their sympathies were enlisted. No one deprecates the action of this cowardly bully and his shameful acquittal more than does every good citizen of my State, including your humble servant,

HENRY GREENWALL,
Lessee and Manager Tremont Opera House, Galveston, Tex.

NEW YORK, June 21.

Rough on the Old Man.

An Oil City boy, whose old father
Is an able attorney-at-law,
Was telling some chums last evening—
With many a loud guffaw—
Of the show. "And," said he, "I'm going,
I don't care Adam Forepaugh."

NEW YORK MIRROR

FOUNDED IN 1822 BY GEORGE P. MORRIS AND N. P. WILLIS.

THE ACCREDITED ORGAN OF THE THEATRICAL MANAGERS AND THE ONLY EXCLUSIVELY DRAMATIC NEWSPAPER IN AMERICA.

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G. W. HAMERSLY, Publisher.

NEW YORK, JUNE 26, 1880.

Union Square Theatre.

A. M. PALMER.....Proprietor and Manager,

MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 21.

FREDERICK PAULDING.
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FREDERICK PAULDING.
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FREDERICK PAULDING.

in the new romantic play by Frank Rogers, entitled the

LOVE OF HIS LIFE. LOVE OF HIS LIFE.
LOVE OF HIS LIFE.
LOVE OF HIS LIFE.
LOVE OF HIS LIFE.

A SPECIALLY SELECTED CAST,
COMPRISING:
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Mr. William Seymour ..... Stage Manager.

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Third week of the engagement of
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KIT THE ARKANSAS TRAVELLER.
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KIT THE ARKANSAS TRAVELLER.

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ACT I.—OLD FOES CONFRONTED!
ACT II.—RESCUE BY KIT!
ACT III.—A DAUGHTER'S RECOGNITION!
ACT IV.—THE DUEL TO THE DEATH!

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OUR GOBLINS;
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GRAND MINSTREL CARNIVAL.

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THE NEW YORK MIRROR *is on sale every Thursday noon at all the news stands in this city, and in out-of-town places as soon thereafter as can be reached by mail and express.*

The Acquittal of Currie.

The acquittal of Currie, the murderer of poor Porter, upon the ground of insanity, was to have been anticipated after the revelation of the manner in which the trial was conducted, and will provoke no surprise among the profession, although it offers just grounds for indignation. The practical result of the verdict will be that, after a brief nominal imprisonment, Currie will be let loose again to shoot any other actor who ventures to visit Marshall, Texas. We in New York cannot throw the first stone at the Texan jury, for we have been in the habit of acquitting our murderers upon the same insane pleas. Men are now walking about the city with blood upon their hands and their souls, who have compromised their crimes by a month's sojourn in a lunatic asylum, and who owe their immunity from the gallows to the same sort of influence that interfered to save Currie's neck from the rope. Nevertheless, we shall always believe that if the trial of Currie had been properly conducted and the case kept clear of everything but the simple facts of the murder, not even local sentiment, or local politics, or the bar-room popularity of the murderer would have been strong enough to prevent justice being done to one of the most cowardly criminals that ever disgraced humanity.

As soon, however, as it was seen that the trial at Marshall was being turned into an advertisement for Josh Hart's gang and that the witnesses were paid by the blood-money of the worst confederacy that ever fastened upon the profession, all decent people at once lost interest in the matter, and all decent papers declined to send reporters to Marshall, or make any but the merest mention of the progress of the farce. It cannot be doubted that the fact which affected so remarkably the entire press and public of this section of the country was not without its effect upon the Texan jury. The jurymen understood that, when both prosecution and defence claimed the same witness, and that witness was sent down to Texas by Josh Hart's gang, there could be nothing serious intended, and that their best plan was to save their friend Jim Currie in the easiest possible manner. The disgust which inspired all the rest of the community naturally inspired the jurors, and the case broke down from the moment this state of affairs was developed. Josh Hart's gang are as responsible, morally, for the acquittal of Currie as if they had opened his prison doors and set him free. The ghost of poor Porter, unavenged, points to them as the cause of the failure of justice. They made Currie's crime possible—they helped to point his pistol—by disseminating the idea that all the ladies of the profession are frail and all the men cowards, and their interference saved Currie from the gallows by nauseating the public and the jury.

Yet we are glad that the trial has taken place and that the facts of the Porter murder have been placed upon the record. One good result is the stamping out of the various scandals that have been grouped about the case. It had been asserted that Currie was intimate with the ladies of the Diplomacy company; that Miss Cummins had been to supper with the murderer the night before; that Porter and Barrymore had provoked the quarrel out of jealousy. These, and a dozen other equally foul and groundless stories, had been in circulation, and the trial at least settles them definitely. The whole story of the murder, as presented in the evidence, is one that might occur in any refreshment saloon to which drunken ruffians with pistols are allowed access. Miss Cummins was seated at table, when Currie stuck his head in from the bar-room and asked if she didn't want to buy a dog. When Porter and Barrymore rejoined her, Miss Cummins told them of the funny man who had asked her such a foolish question. Barrymore remarked that "Don't you want to buy a dog?" was only a slang expression, and meant nothing. Currie, evidently overhearing this remark, again appeared and asked if he "wanted to take it up?" Then followed the expostulations of Porter and Barrymore with the drunken man, and then the murder. Instead of being insane, Currie was sufficiently in his senses to know at whom he shot and to threaten to clean out the whole troupe of actors. He may have been drunk—probably he always is drunk—but he knew enough to lie about his pistols and to shoot both of the men at whom he aimed. The interposition of persons equally wicked has enabled him to escape the legal consequences of his crime; but the man who murdered Porter will not have a happy life of it either in this world or the next.

As the representative of the profession, we must protest in advance against the "tall talk" that is too apt to follow such an acquittal as that of Jim Currie. The threats that no actors will visit Texas, and that Marshall will be avoided like a town with the plague, are all nonsense, and should never be uttered. Texas is not populated by Jim Curries. The people of Marshall are not of the breed of this railroad ruffian. On the contrary, Texas proved itself, last season, to be one of the best theatrical States in the Union, and the people of Marshall testified in the most hearty and hospitable manner their indignation at the murder and their sympathy with the suffering professionals. Had they been left to do justice in their own way, without the tainted outside interference, which has disgusted everybody, we believe that the result of the trial would have been very different. When they saw that not a single New York newspaper had a reporter present at the trial, and that not a single editorial word was printed upon the subject, they may have been justified in thinking that the murder was regarded here as a mere bar-room broil, to be treated in accordance with Texan traditions. Then, when they found that the whole trial was made to turn upon an effort to advertise Josh Hart's gang, no wonder that they looked upon it as a revolting farce, and that their jury gave a verdict accordingly. We have not to go so far from home to find the men who are really responsible for the miscarriage of justice. The good people of Texas will be only too anxious to convince all professionals that they do not sympathize with the murder or the murderer, and for the next few seasons that State will be one of the safest, most pleasant and most profitable that any star or troupe can visit. Thus good will come out of evil, and poor Porter, although unrevenged, will not be forgotten.

The Summer at Home and Abroad.

Professionals do not need to be told that this is the best Summer for them which has been enjoyed since the old regime of stock companies and long seasons gave way to the new era of combinations and speculations. The resident or visitor finds in the Metropolis plenty of theatrical amusements for the cool evenings which follow these glorious June days. He can hear English opera at the Aquarium; see magical performances at the Standard; enjoy Our Goblins, at Haverly's; laugh at Pat Rooney, at the Grand Opera House; contemplate Frederick Paulding in The Love of His Life, at the Union Square; sympathize with Kit, at Wallack's; revive the recollections of Our Boarding-House, at Niblo's Garden; take in the Variety fun at Tony Pastor's and Donaldson's; watch N. S. Wood, in The Boy Detective, at Aberle's; be cooled and calmed by Hazel Kirke, at the Madison Square, or excited by Inshavogue at the Windsor—and certainly there is no room for complaint either of the number or the quality of the entertainments offered. All these houses give regular, reputable and profitable employment to classes of professionals who have been sent adrift during the warm weather of previous Summers, and if the managers deserve a vote of thanks from the public, they are also entitled to the gratitude of a large portion of the profession.

And then a new and lucrative opening for professionals has been discovered abroad. London is beginning to depend for its plays and players upon fecund America, and a clever actor or a popular troupe can now include all England in the route for the season. What the Danites have done at Sadler's Wells, and Modjeska at the Court, and the Knights in the British Provinces, and J. S. Clarke at the Strand and the Haymarket, and Boucicault at the Adelphi, other American favorites will accomplish at other English theatres, and we shall find that English managers will depend very largely, next season, upon this country for their attractions. Up to this year the law of supply and demand has worked the other way. We have been importing actors and plays from England. Now, the tide has turned, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that, for the next five years at least, we shall be called upon to send our best actors and actresses abroad at the very time that the great West requires more troupes than ever before to amuse its large and liberal population. All this means more work for professionals, and more work means better salaries and more certain employment and longer seasons—in short, it means a prosperity which nobody could have anticipated two years ago, and which will make the profession one of the most remunerative, as it is one of the most honorable, that any man or woman can adopt. This is good news, but it is not too good to be true. Professionals have only to respect themselves and take advantage of the coming prosperity in the proper spirit, and the results will surpass the brightest dreams of the most sanguine prophets.

The best season abroad is the worst here, so that, when the requisite organization is effected, American stars and troupes will cross the ocean as regularly as they now go from Cincinnati to Chicago. May, June, and July are the best months for theatricals in London. Then Parliament is in session; all the fashionables are in town; money is plentiful, and the theatres are crowded. On the 12th of August shooting begins, and London thins as rapidly as New York on the 4th of July. These Londoners who set the fashion remain out of town until October and November; December, January, and part of February are devoted to the pantomimes, and the regular theatrical season does not begin until the pantomimes are fairly over. An American manager, commencing his season here in August, and playing through until the middle of April, can count upon three splendid months abroad. He will find the English managers more than ready to meet him half-way. Mrs. Bateman is already arranging for Sadler's Wells a year ahead. If the American season at the Gaiety prove reasonably successful—and we do not think that Raymond and Florence will both fail—Manager Hollingshead will at once arrange for a regular annual visit from American attractions. The Globe and the Olympic are always open—although the London Olympic is as thoroughly played out as the Olympic of New York. The Opera Comique will be in market as soon as D'Oyly Carte has finished his new theatre. The Court, like Oliver Twist, will ask for "more," after its taste of The Banker's Daughter and Modjeska. The best and most enterprising managers in London—Henderson, Farnie, Wyndham, Bruce, the Lovedays, and Mrs. Bateman—have been to America and know what we can do, professionally, scenically, and musically. They may be relied upon to utilize this knowledge, now that the way is open, and England must be regarded as practically annexed to this country hereafter.

PERSONAL.

CARTE.—R. D'Oyly is at the Hoffman.

HOOLEY.—Manager Hooley of Chicago is in town.

HAVERLY.—J. H. Haverly, now in Chicago, will be in town July 11.

JORDAN.—On dit, that Mabel Jordan is shortly to enter the gilded fetters of wedlock.

BERNHARDT.—Mr. Abbey will inaugurate Sara Bernhardt's American tour at Booth's, Nov. 8.

SMILE.—London Figaro soberly speaks of McCullough as "the pupil and protege of Forrest!"

MORRIS.—Clara Morris has closed an arrangement to play at the Boston Globe in the early Fall.

CHESTER.—Marie Chester will probably go out with an established traveling company next season.

JEFFERSON.—Joe Jefferson is again a grandfather. This time he owes the honor to his son Thomas.

CLARKE.—Lillian Cleves-Clarke has arrived in London and is playing Cora Tanner's part in The Danites.

MILLER.—The Poet of the Sierras is a-fishing in Canada. He is accompanied by Senator Edmunds and others.

LEE.—J. M. Hickey says that Amy Lee is going out with his Flock of Geese party, and Amy Lee says she isn't.

BULL.—Ole Bull will Summer as usual in Norway, and will have as guests Emma Thursby and Maurice Strakosch.

MILLS.—S. B. Mills the pianist, who has been quite ill, is recovered, and will spend the Summer in the Catskill Mountains.

HARKINS.—D. H. closed his provincial season in Nottingham June 5. He will open at the Alexandria Theatre, Liverpool, July 26.

BARNES.—W. Elliott Barnes, who is altering The Love of His Life, wishes it distinctly understood that his work is NOT a collaboration.

LEONARD.—Arrangements for the tour of Agnes Leonard are being rapidly pushed forward by a couple of very energetic agents.

ABROAD.—Courtney Barnes, Katie Forsythe, and Henry Jarrett are in London, having enjoyed a delightful passage across the briny.

DENIER.—Tony will luxuriate in the lake breezes and the Bridgeport swells from now until Fall. His troupe, however, will keep the road.

"AERIALITES."—M. B. Leavitt writes that he has secured the Flying Dancers for this country. They are the European sensation of the hour.

GRAHAM.—Helen Graham is the name of a very piquante and pretty young society lady who expects shortly to make a professional debut.

HATTON.—Joseph Hatton, the novelist and dramatist, is now reading in London, and will visit this country professionally in the Autumn.

LOGAN.—Olive Logan arrived from Europe on the 15th. She has aged considerably in looks, but her writings have become more girlish and chirrupy than ever.

FOOTE.—Richard Foote, tragedian and teacher of elocution, is prepared to treat with lyceums and societies for public readings. He may be addressed.

ROGERS.—Frank Rogers is stopping down at Long Branch—he can't for The Love of His Life tell why. He says they stuck him for $26 in two days at the West End.

OATES.—We present a portrait of Alice Oates this week, who is to leave comic opera next season, going out as the bright particular star of an entertainment called Long Branch.

AGENTS.—The quartet of agents M. B. Leavitt has secured to take charge of his various companies next season is composed of Kit Clarke, Charles Griste, E. M. Gotthold and E. Rosenbaum.

BISHOP.—Anna Bishop arrived from England a few days since, intending to reside permanently in this city, where she has many friends. Her voice is said to be wonderfully preserved.

WARDE.—Fred Warde is suffering from an affection of the throat, and his doctor has advised him to quit acting for the Summer. He was to have played leading business in David Dalziel's company in Chicago and the West.

SOHLKE.—The ballet school recently established by Augusta Sohlke is meeting with great success. During Max Strakosch's opera season Mlle. Sohlke will superintend the ballet, and will also have charge of whatever ballet there may be in the productions at Augustin Daly's theatre.

PROMISCUOUS.—Among the recent spectators of Hazel Kirke at the Madison Square Theatre were Wright Sanford, Judge Lawrence, Mr. Harmon, Mr. Halgarten, the banker; Mrs. B. Cutting, Blanche Roosevelt, the Duke of Beaufort, Sir John Reid, Lord FitzRoy Somerset, Capt. Williams, Judge Homer Nelson, Mrs. John Bigelow.

NOTICE.—The credentials of correspondents of THE MIRROR expire on the 30th of this month. Communications requesting a renewal must be accompanied by the credentials for the season now closed.

CHERIE.—Adelaide Fenelon (Cherie), one of the prettiest and most promising young ladies in the profession, will be seen in New York next season. She has two or three local offers under consideration.

THOMPSON.—The young scenic artist whose sets for The Pirates of Penzance attracted so much admiration last season, is engaged for the scenery for Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera. He stands among the first in the profession.

GOMMY.—The Star says: "Paulding will do well to ignore the sneers of the infantile rhymster who assumes to do dramatic criticisms on a leading daily [that means Gommy, with two "m's"], and remember that it is only the insolence of incompetence."

DICKINSON.—Anna Dickinson returned East on the 19th. The author of Aurelian will tarry the Summer through with friends in Elizabeth, N. J. A friend of the lady has inclosed us numerous clippings from Western papers, all of which indorse Aurelian as a magnificent literary effort. We hope its acting will please as well.

SCHWAB.—Mr. Fred Schwab is on his way to London to join Mr. Abbey, in the interest of the Bernhardt engagement. Mr. Schwab's management of the Neilson season has developed qualities that eminently fit him for work in the field of theatricals, and Mr. Abbey could have no better aid in making the Bernhardt engagement a success.

HEALY.—Our Chicago correspondent, Mr. Frank Healy, has been appointed city editor of the Fort Wayne (Ind.) Daily Gazette, and closes his connection with THE MIRROR with this issue. We regret parting with Mr Healy, as his letters were ever crisp, vigorous and readable. Our regret is tempered, however, by the knowledge of the fact that he was born to be a journalist, and our best wishes attend him in a profession for which he possesses so many qualifications. Readers of THE MIRROR will miss the "asperities" of our Chicago correspondent, and we shall have too look about to see what consolation we can offer them. Mr. C. P. Mitchell will very probably succeed Mr. Healy as our representative in Chicago.

PATTEE.—Boston Budget: "Charles H. Pattee's 'History of the Boston Stage' will soon see the light, and thereafter it will be the authority as a reference book in all matters of dispute. An instance of the author's accuracy transpired during Adelaide Neilson's engagement, when he made the statement that Measure for Measure had never been presented in Boston. All the other authorities, including several old theatrical managers, were disposed to dispute this, and were quite certain it had been played, some almost certain of the season and of some members of the cast. But all acknowledged finally that Mr. Pattee was right. The book will contain memoirs of all popular actors and actresses who have appeared in Boston from 1853 to 1878, and will give full casts of all plays, dramas, and so forth, that have been played here. Mr. Pattee is the Boston correspondent of the NEW YORK MIRROR, the theatrical journal of the metropolis mostly patronized by the better class of the profession, and by those readers who do not mistake coarseness and vulgarity for humor."

THE USHER.

In Ushering
Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

There are ill-natured and envious people who constantly stand at parade rest awaiting an opportunity to say unkind things about anybody who may happen to be more fortunate than themselves, and these of course could not permit such a tempting chance as that offered by the Booth breakfast to pass by without indulging their penchant for stirring up unpleasantnesses. They say that Mr. Winter was very inconsiderate in sending an invitation to General Hancock, who very properly declined sitting at the same table with the brother of the man who had assassinated Lincoln, and whose capture was chiefly brought about by his exertions. Bosh! As if the General were narrow-minded and prejudiced enough to give such a thoroughly small and unworthy suggestion thinking room! Whereas he had a pressing engagement elsewhere which alone prevented his assisting in doing honor to a man whose artistic achievements are justly the pride of every American, and whose personal character of scholar and gentleman entitles him to the respect and esteem of everyone. But had any such contemptible notion actuated General Hancock in sending a regret, then indeed should Mr. Winter have been blameworthy in extending to such a man the hospitality and courtesy of gentlemen. Gen. Hancock's character happens to be irreproachable, however, and he is only to be commiserated in having such an irresponsible set of jealous and envious people championing a cause which is unauthorized and unsanctioned by him.

Not satisfied with their endeavor to besmirch the arrangements and accessories of the breakfast, these highly disinterested parties are assiduously circulating the report that the tragedian is not going to England at all! This in the face of his own assertion, and the Delmonico banquet, Winter p,,try and Bench, Bar, and Pulpit speeches of Tuesday, the 15th inst. By applying at the booking office of the Cunard Steamship Company and asking for the passenger list of the Gallia, which is advertised to sail on the 30th of this month, they will find that Edwin Booth and family are assigned accommodations for that ship and that date; and also that it is that gentleman's positive intention (tide, the elements, D. V. and all the rest permitting) to embark for the land where for a second time he will try his fate. At what London theatre he will play has not yet been decided. For various personal reasons it is not at all probable, as currently gossiped, that he will act under John S. Clarke's management.

Clever, crafty, clear-headed Dion Boucicault has renewed his old hold upon the Londoners, and his engagement, which was to have concluded last Saturday night, has been extended, so the cable informs us. More than this, The Shaughraun, which has been played to death in and around London, remains the attraction. His stay is likely to be prolonged on the other side; he has made arrangements to act there in the Autumn, and is besides under contract to furnish one or more plays to local managers. From which intelligence we may glean that he does not intend to return to New York again for some months. If he made it years, instead, I think he would be wise; for while Boucicault's ability shines just now as brightly as it ever did, the people on this side of the water have become somewhat surfeited with its brilliancy and glare, and consequently are not just now in a condition to appreciate it as it deserves. Let him give our public a year's rest, and they'll feel what an immense void his absence leaves, and be ready on his reappearance to elevate him again to the pedestal which he graced before so long and so well, and fall at the feet of the most remarkable author, actor and manager living.

The opinion expressed by Mr. Cazauran in the interview with him that recently appeared in the columns of THE MIRROR concerning the question of Bernhardt's artistic and financial success in America, under Abbey's management, will in all essential points prove correct when the time comes, a year hence, to write a review of the season of 1880-81. A woman so thoroughly advertised as the lean and hungry Sara has been must of necessity cause a sensation all over the country. But the sensation will rest on a foundation of curiosity to see this truly remarkable woman—the heroine of such a multitude of newspaper canards, liaisons and caprices; but it is a tottering basis, akin to that which induces one to visit the circus in order to see the Baby Elephant. Should her acting fall flat here, after the interest in her first appearance on our shores has died away, she is likely to prove an elephant to Mr. Abbey in every sense of the word. He is one of our most astute and shrewdest managers, however, having an eagle eye for the main chance, and no doubt he has found time, in the hurry and scramble to secure her for this country, to consider all the bearings on the subject before he outbid all the other candidates who desired to conduct her affairs here. I hope that the best of luck will attend him in his enterprise, and that his judgment will prove correct in the end. The man who has courage enough to enter into a contract upon the terms which bind this one, surely commands admiration and deserves success. Let it be hoped, for Mr. Abbey's sake, that the document is cast-iron in its nature, and that Sara will curb those idiosyncrasies and follies which have distinguished—or rather extinguished—her career in the French capital.

A friend writes from London, under date of June 11, as follows:

MY DEAR ——: I had an interview with Mme. Modjeska, and she tells me that she will not visit America during the season of 1880-81. She is under engagement to Wilson Barrett, Esq., of the Court Theatre for one year, from July 1.

From which you see THE MIRROR (as usual) was perfectly correct in its prophecy, and in its denial of Harry Sargent's deftly circulated report to the contrary. Modjeska is wisely keeping away until she can join in the pilgrimage to the World's Fair Mecca of 1883.

The extent of Haverly's enterprise is something marvelous. Not content with the broad grasp he has already succeeded in effecting on American amusements, the cable informs us he has intrenched himself in London itself, by the establishment of an agency there. Haverly never does things by halves; therefore he has placed an able lieutenant, Col. Robert Filkins, in charge of his English branch. The Colonel is instructed to look after Haverly's affairs abroad, and keep a watchful eye on all the striking novelties that appear, with a view to sending them over to us. By the way, there are rumors floating on the air concerning the future of Niblo's under Haverly. It is hinted that the Stewart people are going to tear out the auditorium next May and annex the theatre to the Metropolitan Hotel, after which the old Globe—that traditional graveyard where so many fond theatrical hopes have found a resting place!—is to be demolished, and a new and elegant theatre erected, with the mastodon manager as lessee. It happens, however, that Mr. Haverly's lease of Niblo's does not expire until a year from next September, and that then he has a positive refusal of the lease for two years longer, at a rental proportionately increasing each year. This looks as if old Niblo's is to exist for some time yet.

The difficulty of getting anything through the "Circumlocution Office" and the heads of the "Barnacles" was very ably and satirically set forth by Dickens in "Little Dorrit." D'Oyly Carte can discuss the question now from all points of view, since he has finally succeeded in getting the plans for his London Theatre passed by the Metropolitan Board of Works of that city. There are a great many more yards of red tape to be reeled off over there than here in affairs municipal.

M. Sarcey, Bernhardt's quill manipulator and cher ami, in writing about his little dramatic god for Le Temps, says that if she pays we ignorant Yankees a visit next season, she will return to her native land a spoiled actress, ruined by the deleterious effects of our American audiences. The London Figaro, with kind intent, takes up the cudgels in our defence (just as if that were necessary): "As for the 'ignorance' of the Yankees, M. Sarcey should remember that those who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. An average American audience is probably far superior to an average French audience in general culture, even when the overwhelming weight of M. Sarcey himself—his culture, I mean, not his corporeal development—is thrown into the scale on the French side."

But I think Sara herself, who after all is the real authority to be consulted in the matter, is perfectly willing to come over here and go back in a despoiled condition, providing, of course, that she carries away with her one hundred thousand or so of the ignorant Yanks' gold dollars. I shouldn't object to being spoiled myself on those terms—would you?

The Danites has proved such a big hit in London that they find the small auditorium of Sadler's Wells not capacious enough to hold the crowds of people that want to see Joaquin Miller's play. Consequently next Monday it will be transferred to the more commodious Globe, which is, as well, in a more accessible locality. The enthusiastic reception with which The Danites has met should impart the most substantial encouragement to Booth, Florence, Raymond and the rest who intend trying their luck on English soil. It goes far to show also that the old-time, narrow-minded prejudice against American actors has well nigh vanished. How much this new state of things is due to the good treatment we have extended to visiting English players it would be difficult to say.

Kate Santley, a very well known English comic opera singer, is dead. She will be remembered as the handsome and dashing woman who turned the heads of our gilded youth in the early days of the The Black Crook. She possessed a magnificent figure, and although large was particularly graceful in her movements. The last time I saw her was at the Gaiety Theatre, Glasgow, just two years ago, when she sang La Marjolaine. Her beauty and her voice (the latter never at any time remarkable for strength or quality) were already somewhat passe, but she made up for these defects by a startling amount of chic.

The Herald the other day stated that there is a project on foot among a number of wealthy admirers of the drama in this city to purchase the Booth's Theatre property and present it to Edwin Booth, as a token of admiration and appreciation for his efforts to elevate and popularize the legitimate drama in New York. A sillier proposition it would be hard to imagine. Booth's Theatre is in very good hands as it is, and will no doubt be successful next season under Henry E. Abbey's management. Edwin Booth is a success as an actor, but a failure as a manager. His tastes are dissimilar to the tastes of the public, and when he built and attempted to run Booth's Theatre, he refused to recognize the requirements of the public, and the natural consequence of this opposition resulted in bankruptcy and the loss of his establishment. I think I am safe in saying that if the theatre was put in his hands as a gift, free of all encumbrances, in less than two seasons he would be obliged to retire again impoverished in pocket but rich in experience. No doubt this same experience, which he has already dearly bought, would prompt him to decline the offer of these generous and high-minded patrons of the drama. Booth is very well off as he is in worldly goods, and by this time no doubt knows that if he can play Hamlet he can't play manager at the same time. These whole-souled people who give theatres around promiscuously, haven't come forward with their names and their pocket-books yet, however, and I doubt very much if they will.

THE WEEK AT THE THEATRES.

"*The Play's the thing.*"—HAMLET.

Leonard Grover's American comedy, which owes its existence to Slasher and Crasher, Box and Cox, and a half-dozen other old farces, was brought forth at Niblo's Monday night before a small audience.

As the piece is produced simply to fill in an odd week, nothing remarkable was looked for in its performance. Nobody was therefore disappointed at the result. W. H. Lytell played Prof. Gillypod—Robson's old part—very well, and Sidney Smith, although his acting is not at all likely to tarnish the remembrance we have of Billy Crane, succeeded in making himself very funny as Col. M. T. Elevator. Charles Kidder, a very promising and able young actor, acted Walter Dalrymple with gentlemanly ease, and D. H. Chase made a favorable impression as Matthew Eligible. Alexander Fitzgerald's Fioretti was but a libel upon Anderson's artistic and powerful rendition of that character, which lingers acutely in the memory of those who saw the comedy when first produced at the Park. The swell, Dexter, and Dr. Shouter were in good hands. Carlotta Evelyn played the sentimental part of Beatrice sweetly and effectively. The other ladies of the cast, Misses Hill, Sherwood, Preston, Everle, Florence and Mortimer, were all more or less equal to the roles assigned them. J. L. Toole was not starred, nor did he do an ambitious piece of work. The eminent comedian contented himself with a utility position, playing an Hibernian hackman. A great name hidden under a bushel!

Next week Haverly's Genuine Colored Minstrels, augmented so that their number runs up above the nineties (nothing to do with the thermometer), will commence an extended engagement. This is the same party that held the citadel defying the heat, and throwing down the gauntlet to Corbin of Manhattan Beach all last Summer at Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre.

The old Irish melodrama, Inshavogue, was brought out Monday at the Windsor, with J. F. Peters, rather a good comedian of his class, in the principal role. The production was moderately successful, and seemed to please the limited East side audience in attendance.

At the Aquarium, a sort of skeletonized form of the popular opera, Girofle-Girofla, is being sung by a very good company under J. W. Norcross, Jr.'s management. Miss Delaro achieved quite a success in the dual titular characters, and Herbert Archer, Pauline Hall and others aid her efforts materially.

Frederick Paulding thought of doing another version of The Love of His Life, by Elliott Barnes, next week, but it was found that there would not be time to give it proper rehearsal and preparation, and so Frank Rogers' edition will be continued until the end of the supplementary season. The piece runs smoothly and is drawing good houses, all things considered. It was intended at first that the engagement would be continued but two weeks; but the success with which the play and the star have been received has induced its continuance a week longer. The idea of playing The Fool's Revenge one night during the engagement has been abandoned.

Our Goblins is doing the best business of any attraction the city.—Mr. Chanfrau finishes his engagement at Wallack's Saturday night. The house will remain closed until the advent of Conquest's company in August.—Hazel Kirke is playing out its sixth month at the Madison Square.—Pat Rooney's combination is at Poole & Donnelly's establishment on Eighth Avenue.

TALBOT.—Hugh Talbot, the tenor, who sang in the Pirates of Penzance in this city last Winter, is under engagement with Mapleson until 1882. He is open for concert engagements until Jan. 1, 1881, having been granted a furlough until that date. Talbot was the last tenor who sang with Titiens, and was once an officer in the British army.

The Variety Theatres.

There is some excellent material in Manager Donaldson's London company this week and the rush to this favorite and pleasant resort has filled the house well during the past week. Sallie Mason and Robert V. Ferguson appear first in their new sketch, Love's Decision; then follow in quick succession, Bella Cushing, vocalist; Haley and Boyd, song-and-dance; Charles Banks, character comedian; William H. Chance and Charles H. Yale, in the He Would Be An Actor act; Maggie Nichols, slack-wire performer; Mayo and Talbert, character songs; the three Lorellas, in their wonderful act; Mollie Wilson, the favorite serio-comic, and a happy culmination of all these attractions in the original specialties of the Four Grotesques, Seaman, Somers, and the Girard Brothers. A local sketch entitled McGilligan's Luck, closes the bill.

Manager Gresselberg's Volk's Garden is cool and inviting this warm weather with its movable roof, its large windows which open directly upon the auditorium, and its wide, open staircases. The company, too, is quite in keeping with the attractions of the theatre, and a glance at the programme shows a disposition on the part of the management to maintain the reputation already gained for good entertainments at popular prices. The company comprises Nellie Hague, serio-comic; the Russells in lightning changes; William T. Duyer, motto vocalisti the Hayles, clog dancers; Clara Cushman, operatic vocalist; James T. Powers, comedian; Moore and Lessenger, in a German comedy, called Ulrich's Troubles; and the inimitable Punch Walton. Backwoods Heroes, a laughable short act, is put in for an afterpiece.

RANDOM.—The cost for gas at the Paris Grand Opera is $70,000 per year.—Alfred (son of Franz) Abt, clever both as composer and conductor, died recently at Geneva, on his way home from Pegli.—The many friends of Mrs. Henri Drayton will be pained to learn that she has been confined to her apartments by serious illness.—It is said that Pauline Lucca recently refused an offer made to her by an American manager of a million dollars to make a tour in Australia. What could have been the matter with the manager?—Rubinstein lives in a large villa at Petershof, and his study overlooks the sea. His kitchen is the best appointed room in the house. He does not wish that his children should understand anything about music.

—Chicago Tribune: "Of course it would be absurd to believe the reported fabulous gains of stars and their managers during the season just ended as compared with those of previous years, yet there can be no doubt that the profession has to some extent shared in the commercial prosperity of the past twelve months. Financially, the past has been a better season than the preceding one. Large sums of money have been made by meritorious attractions with well-organized troupes; even the vast number of incompetent people have skimmed the country with less difficulty than formerly; and those who sigh for a return to the stock system with the end of the season find that there is as slight a prospect of that return as ever."

SEMBRICH.—Mme. Sembrich recently made her debut at Covent Garden as Lucrezia before a crowded house. The applause which burst forth after her first song instantly set the seal on her success. The compass and flexibility of her voice were immediately apparent, and the doubts of her Dresden admirers as to the power of her voice being sufficient to fill a large house were dispelled. In the mad scene, her perfect intonation and command of voice elicited a roar of applause before she sang the last note, and she was thrice recalled. More perfect vocalization was never heard, even on the stage where Patti has hitherto reigned supreme, who has unquestionably a worthy rival in Sembrich.

—A. D. Holman, manager of the Holman Opera troupe, is in town, making arrangements for the coming season. The troupe will make a feature of Satanella and The Enchantress. In addition a musical comedy is being written for them by Mr. Fred Maeder. The troupe will be very much strengthened, and, though the dates have not yet been filled, Manager Holman proposes to visit more States than in the last few seasons.

—Chicago Tribune 20th: "The usual Summer engagement played at Haverly's by the Tony Pastor troupe will be commenced tomorrow evening. There are many well-known names in the bills, and the success with which the organization has been met would seem to indicate that Tony, 'the delight of the ladies and the admiration of the men,' has an unusually good entertainment."

—The Tourists made a final settlement of their business in Boston last Monday at the close of the season. The net profits footed up $72,757.59. Mr. Barton retires from the firm, and the business will be carried on in the future by John P. Smith and William A. Mestayer. The following is a list of the company for next season: William A. Mestayer, N. J. Long, Henry Watson, Will H. Bray, Samuel Swain, Louise E. Ogilby of San Francisco, Carrie Swain, Jennie Reifferth, Alice Hutchings; Prof. Fred A. Mueller, musical director. A tenor singer is yet to be engaged.

—Hazel Kirke at the Madison Square Theatre is the only play ever produced in New York the success of which compelled the management to continue it into and probably through the Summer season with a regular stock company. Business remains excellent. There is no idea of any change at present. On June 30, the 150th performance of the play will occur. Should Hazel Kirke continue into the next regular season, Agnes Booth, Sydney Cowell, Marie Wilkins and the other new members of the Madison Square company will be in the same dilemma that Rose Coghlan, George Clarke and others found themselves last year—that of being connected with a theatre which couldn't utilize their services. However, it is about settled that Hazel Kirke will be positively withdrawn August 28, to make way for the preliminary season of The Professor.

Senor Paganza, a Spanish tenor, who has made a furor in Madrid and Paris salons, is expected at Covent Gatden in a few days. Gustave Dore says he is quite perfect.

Boito's Mefistofele is to be be produced in London next week.

Mme. Swift of New York made her debut in London, in Verdi's Forza del Destino, last week.

PROFESSIONAL DOINGS.

—Cool Burgess is at his home in Toronto.

—Louise Dickson sails for Europe Saturday, 26th.

—Janauschek has joined the exodus to Europe.

—J. J. Ryan goes out with J. K. Emmet again next season.

—Oliver Wren goes out with the Agnes Leonard combination.

—John W. Archer will go with John A. Stevens next season.

—De Garmo, the dancing master of fashionable New York, is touring toward Texas.

—Maurice Strafford will play juveniles with George S. Knight's company next season.

—Harry Lee leaves the Danites company in London, and returns to America next month.

—Charles Wing will go out next season as advance agent of the Golden Game combination

—A movement is on foot to introduce Rev. John Curwen's Tonic Sol-Fa system into this country.

—George Boniface has been secured to play leading business with Ada Cavendish next season.

—Harry Sargent has secured the right to play Steele Mackaye's successes through the country.

—It would be a big stroke for Mike Leavitt to secure the Hanlon-Lees while he is tarrying in London.

—Dan Leeson and Senorita Solida have been secured to support Agnes Robertson in her forthcoming tour.

—George C. Cottingham, the man who effected the capture of John Wilkes Booth, died in Jersey City last week.

—Haverly will bring forward a grand spectacular drama at Niblo's next Fall. The Kiralfys are not interested.

—A glance at our out-of-town correspondence will show that there is barely a capful of wind in the theatrical sails.

—The third season of the Criterion Comedy company will open on the 9th of August at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, with Freaks.

—M. W. Hanley has arranged for the appearance of "The Harrisons" in Boston, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans and San Francisco.

—Maurice Strakosch will begin his next concert season at Steinway Hall, Oct. 4, with Miss Thursby and Ole Bull as his principal artists.

—Charles Melville goes as business manager with the Strategists next season. We inadvertently writ it down W. T. Melville last week.

—The Cincinnati National Theatre was sold at auction last week for $17,000, the purchaser being Dr. Spence of a well-known tobacco firm.

—A new opera house has just been completed at Spartanburg, S. C. It is a good show town for its size. For dates, address R. T. Wert, manager.

—William Gill publishes a warning to the effect that meddlesome people must not interfere with Our Goblins. If they do they will be haunted by the law.

—Haverly's Juvenile "Pinaforites" have returned to the arms of their fond pas and mas, after having presented Gilbert and Sullivan's opera over six hundred times.

—Col. Sinn has already made most of the needful arrangements for his next season at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn. All the principal stars of the country will appear there.

—D. B. Hodges, general agent of Haverly's United Mastodon Minstrels, sails on the steamer Greece direct to London, Saturday. Mr. Hodges takes with him upward of four tons of printing.

—George Conquest and his company of pantomimists will arrive in this country about the middle of next month. They will appear at Wallack's Theatre, as already stated, early in August.

—B. C. Thayer, the proprietor of the Jersey City Academy of Music, has placed his business in the hands of C. R. Gardiner, who is prepared to make arrangements for next season.

—Edward E. Rice is to present "Evangeline" to the British public. Louise Searle and Harry Hunter will sail for England during August, and the rest of the company will be engaged in London.

—John McCullough will play an engagement at the Fifth Avenue in November next under Haverly's management. The tragedian could not make his re-entrance on the Metropolitan stage under better auspices.

—Tweddle Hall, Albany, a resort of the fashion of the State Capital, has been remodeled. Among other improvements, a new stage has been added and a complete stock of new scenery put in. Address Manager of Tweddle Hall, Albany, or George W. Colby, 147 Fifth avenue.

—Frank Chapman has secured E. W. Woolcott as business manager for Agnes Leonard's tour. The star resembles Neilson strikingly in appearance, and from the excellent English press notices she brings with her, the resemblance must be something more than in looks alone.

—Milton Nobles' company for 1880-'81 includes Fanny Lewis Burt, Grace Page and Leonora Bradley, Messrs. Milton Nobles, Alonzo Schwartz, Sam E. Ryan, David R. Young, L. R. Willard, W. C. Anderson, J. W. Gardner, R. S. Wires, George W. Barnum and W. B. Wright.

—The Wisconsin circuit of Litt & McFarlane includes the principal cities in that State. They invite business from first-class attractions. Their resources are fully set forth in our advertising columns. Litt & McFarlane have their headquarters at Milwaukee, where they may be addressed.

—The company that will appear in A Flock of Geese consists of Add Ryman, Bryant and Hoey, Amy Lee and Hugh Fay. They will play in the principal theatres throughout the country, under the able management of John M. Hickey. The advance management will be in the hands of D. S. Thomas, at present the principal agent of Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth.

—An elaborate record of the plays produced at the Union Square Theatre, with portraits and account of their authors and of the actors who took part in the representations, is now in course of preparation. This record, which is not meant for public circulati[illegible] several bulky volumes, and will entail a large expense—several housand dollars at least.

CRICHTON AT MANTUA.

BY FREDERICK HAWKINS.

Early in the summer of 1582 a well-graced horseman might have been seen wending his way along the road from Padua to Mantua. He was not more than twenty-two years of age, but had already filled the whole of lettered Europe with his fame. Descended on his mother's side from Robert II. of Scotland, the Admirable Crichton—for it was he—had left his Dumfriesshire home about two years previously in consequence of family dissensions, provoked, it would appear, by a refusal on his part to embrace the doctrines of the Reformation. He repaired in the first instance to Paris, where, according to bombastical Sir Thomas Urquhart, he challenged the learned world to a disputation on any subject, to be conducted in any of ten given languages—and came off victorious in the encounter. How far this story is true we are unable to determine; but it is certain that after spending two years in the French army, then at war with the Huguenots, and a few months among the literati of Venice, who spoke of him with generous enthusiasm, he accomplished at Padua a feat similar to that with which he is credited by the Cromarty knight. His erudition seems to have been immense; in all branches of learning—philosophy, science, history, jurisprudence, the belles-lettres, and what not—he is said to have been a match for the oldest and ripest scholars. Nor were his personal accomplishments less conspicuous than his intellectual gifts. He danced with singular grace, was a master of the guitar and other musical instruments, excelled in manly exercises, and, above all, seemed to bear a charmed lance and sword. The doors of every court in Italy, it need hardly be said, were open to such a man; and it was as the guest of the Duke of Mantua, Guglielmo Gonzaga, that he had set out for that city.

The traveler may well have drawn rein on coming to the first eminence from which a view of Mantua could be obtained. In his eyes the place could not but have had a variety of attractions. Built on an island in the "smooth sliding" Mincio—

Propter aquam, tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
Mincius, et tenera prætexit arundine ripas—

it had been fortified at many points, and, as Crichton's military experience must have taught him, could hardly be taken except by famine. The buildings it contained seemed at this distance to be huddled together, but the cupolas and towers which surmounted many of them were standing out in clear relief against the Italian sky. Beyond the covered bridge connecting the island with the other shore, the Ponte di San Giorgio, and all but surrounded by quaint mediæval houses, feudal towers, and Lombard arches, was the palace-fortress of the Dukes of Mantua, the Castello di Corte, and next to it the massive palace begun by the unfortunate Buonacolsi. The Mantuans were evidently a prosperous people; the river was studded with little craft, and a good deal of activity could be noticed in the island. Much of this prosperity must be ascribed to the Gonzagas, who had obtained possession of the place early in the Fourteenth century, and had attained to the ducal dignity on the eve of the Reformation. Endowed with rare talents for government, munificent in their patronage of art and literature, and fully sharing in the then prevalent love of splendid pageantry and amusements, they had long since made their court one of the gayest and most powerful in Italy. I am disposed to think, however, that as Crichton approached the city he thought less of all this than of the many associations of the spot with the memory of Virgil, who was born within sound of Mantuan revels and probably wrote his noblest verse within Mantuan walls.

Attended, I think, by a party of courtiers, stationed at the Porta di San Giorgio to meet him, Crichton made his way across the bridge already mentioned to the Castello di Corte—a noble pile, flanked by machicolated and lofty towers. At the chief entrance, like all distinguished visitors to Mantua, he was received by his host in person. Guglielmo Gonzaga was about sixty years of age, very humpbacked, with lumpy features, a narrow gray beard, and a genially courteous manner. He wore a dark rich gown, bordered with fur, and a jeweled hat. The insouciante expression of his face was eminently characteristic. He was above all things a votary of pleasure. His long reign may be described as a round of fetes and tournaments and theatrical performances, varied by occasional intervals of lettered ease. He left the duchy to take care of itself, or at any rate allowed it to be governed in his name by subordinates. But if he neglected his duties as a ruler it was rather from constitutional indolence than a want of the capacity to fulfill them. He distinguished himself at the Council of Trent and the Augsberg Diet, and suppressed a rebellion among his subjects—provoked by the heavy taxation which his lavish outlays had rendered necessary—with the energy and decision of the Gonzaga race. His rule, however, was usually gentle and generous; the iron cage which projected from the Torre della Gabbia, and in which malefactors were exposed to the derision and even attacks of the crowd, was but seldom occupied.

Crichton had scarcely taken up his quarters in the Castello di Corte when he saw an opportunity of signalizing himself in a to him altogether new field. The Revival of Learning had given birth to the modern drama, and at this time, as for a few years to come, Italy stood in the van of dramatic progress. This was more particularly the case in regard to comedy, now well established in nearly all parts of the country and with all classes of people. It was to be met with in a variety of crude forms: the commedia erudita, the character of which is known by its designation, and which had been introduced by Ariosto and Macchiavelli; the commedia a sogetto or commedia dell' arte, a meagre outline of plot and character, on which the actor extemporized dialogue and byplay; the contrasti, in which, as in the English Moralities, the interest was centred in abstract or mythological figures; the frottola, which reinforced us, among other flesh-and-blood-like characters, to the famous braggart in the Miles Gloriosus; and last, but not least, the masked comedy, in which nine figures, representing as many cities in the country, and speaking the dialects peculiar to each—Pantalone, Dottore, Spaviento, Pullicinella, Giangurgulo, Coviello, Gelfomino, Brighella, and Arlecchino—appeared. Equally popular with the educated classes was the pastoral drama, brought into fashion by Tasso's Aminta and Guarini's Pastor Fido. Mythology and allegory are here engrafted upon the bucolic with the most pleasing results. In no respect was the Italian drama so weak as in its tragedies, which, while written in the modern tongue, were at best labored and spiritless imitations of the ancients. Domestic tragedy (tragedia cittadina) was also represented, but not with great effect. Now, every play of even average merit was played at the courts of Italy, and as often at Mantua as elsewhere. Guglielmo Gonzaga, in fact, was so enamored of these amusements that, in addition to constructing a theatre in his palace, he had a company of skilled actors in his pay. Crichton soon burned with a desire to appear on the Duke's private stage, and with this view prepared a commedia a sogetto.

The performance probably took place in one of the noblest apartments in the Palazzo adjoining the Castello di Corte—the Sala di Troja, adorned with frescoes by the hand of Giulio Romano of incidents in the Iliad. Never before, I should imagine, had a more august and expectant audience assembled within its walls. First of all, of course, comes the Duke, his face lighted up by a genial smile, and with his hump rendered more conspicuous than usual by the depth of the ermine on his cloak. He is deferentially bringing in his wife, formerly Arch-Duchess of Austria, who to marry him had declined to become Queen of Denmark, and to whom Tasso has just dedicated his discourse on feminine virtue. Near them is their son and heir, Vincenzo Gonzaga; very picturesque in his ruff, white satin doublet, and twirled mustaches and pointed beard, but with a hard and sinister expression in his face. By his side is his sister, the Princess Margherita Gonzaga. The Duke and his family are surrounded by the whole of his court, a crowd of less distinguished spectators, at any rate as far as rank is concerned, occupying the rear. Among the latter I fancy I see some of Crichton's Venetian friends—Aldus Manutius, Sempronius, and Donatus—and one of the most illustrious men he was allowed to have vanquished in disputation—Mazzoni. It is in vain that you look for Tasso; he is now shut up at Ferrara. That keen-eyed man, however, may be Paolo Sarpi, just arrived from Padua to witness the latest achievement of the "prodigy." Eventually the busy hum is replaced by a dead silence; the curtain rises, and the piece begins. Sir Thomas Urquhart's description of the performance was probably written from one supplied to him by an eye-witness, and, apart from its obvious exaggerations and rhetorical flourishes, may be accepted as correct. This commedia a sogetto—the title of which, if it bore any title at all, has not been preserved—was designed, then, to lash the vices and ridicule the foibles of mankind by means of fifteen different characters: "an overweening monarch, superficial courtier, proud warrior, dissembling churchman, doting old man, cozening lawyer, lying traveler, covetous merchant, rude seaman, pedantic scholar, amorous shepherd, envious artisan, vainglorious master, tricksy servant, and peevish swain." These characters are represented in succession by Crichton, each in appropriate costume, and with such complete changes of voice and gesture and manner as to individualize them with remarkable distinctness. Having finished one performance, he disappears behind a screen, there "to shift off, with the help of a page, the suit he had on, and apparel himself with another." The performance lasts five hours, and at its close the commedia is declared by the court of Mantua to be the most ingenious and pointed satire ever heard from the stage.

The comedy was soon to be followed by a tragedy. The Duke, enchanted with his visitor, requested him to act as tutor to Vincenzo. Crichton must have wished to decline the offer, but the comparative poverty he was in at this time induced him to accept it. Now, it unfortunately happened that Vincenzo had conceived a bitter hatred of his preceptor, partly, no doubt, on account of the phenomenal combination of accomplishments he displayed, but chiefly, it has been suggested, because he had supplanted him in the affections of a lady attached to the court. Be that as it may, Crichton, while roving, guitar in hand, through the town one night, was suddenly attacked under the shadow of the old Palazzo della Ragione by no fewer than six men in masks. He defended himself with such bravery and skill that in a few minutes five of them sought refuge in flight; and the sixth, having been disarmed, was impelled by his fears to discover himself. It was Vincenzo! Evidently in the belief that he had been attacked by mistake, the tutor fell upon one knee, and, taking his sword by the point, courteously presented it to the Prince. The latter—inflamed by jealousy, stung to the quick by his defeat, and also, let us charitably hope, heated with wine—immediately ran him through the body.

The court of Mantua, after having his remains interred with great pomp, went into mourning; many poems were written in reference to his untimely end, and his portrait, representing him with a sword in one hand and a book in the other, was long to be seen in the galleries of the Italian nobility. The superstitious may be excused for believing that his blood did not cry for vengeance in vain. From the moment he fell a cloud seemed to rest upon the hitherto proud and prosperous house of Gonzaga. Early in the next century they began to quarrel as to the succession, and about a hundred years after that were finally deprived of their possessions by Austria. Their fortress-palaces are falling into decay; the Castello di Corte has been used as a prison and public offices, and the castle adjoining it as barracks. Of the noble frescoes which once adorned these buildings hardly a trace remains. Efforts have been made to restore the castle to its pristine strength and beauty, but invariably to no purpose. In one sense the house of Gonzaga may be said to have been buried in the same tomb as the unrivaled young scholar who nearly three hundred years ago left Padua for Mantua to become the honored guest of Duke Guglielmo.

A Drunken Elephant.

[Recollections of a Menagerie Man.]

I saw little Betsey as drunk as a fiddler one day, and she was a funny sight. We were showing late in the Fall in Indiana, in very severe weather. Some monkeys and birds and snakes had already frozen, and Betsey showed that she was suffering greatly from the cold. Long John went to Manager Older and said to him, 'You'd better get some whiskey for Betsey or she'll freeze." "How much?" "Her ears are beginning to freeze; get three buckets." Well they knew that two were for Betsey and one for Long John; but when it came to elephants he was boss, and the whisky was got as he ordered. Only you should have seen the tavern keeper's eyes stand out when they ordered three buckets of whisky for two drinks. Betsey drank all they gave her and got staving drunk. She'd stagger, and roll over, and pick herself up, and pick Long John up and toss him on her back, and a sort of laugh, and he'd laugh, and it was nip and tuck between them which was the drunker. Elephants are very fond of whisky, or any kind of liquor, especially if it has lots of red pepper in it; and they are not only fond of getting drunk themselves, but are very considerate with drunken men. I never yet knew of an elephant hurting a drunken man. That Long John, when he was staggering drunk, would go right up to Sultan or Canada, when nobody else dared go near them, and would fool around them, and swing on their tusks, and toss their trunks about, and go to sleep right down by their feet, and they would not only not do him any harm, but wouldn't let anybody else go near him until he chose to wake up. And any real drunken man can do pretty much as he pleases with an elephant.

Random London Notes.

Negotiations have been opened with a view to the production of La Fille du Tambour Major, which is proving successful at the Alhambra. Should the American proposals be carried out, Mr. Carleton, who has left grand opera for a season to sing and play the part of the hero in this lively and effective opera bouffe, will be engaged to play the part in the United States. Mrs. Bateman of Sadler's Wells is in correspondence with New York, relating to the probable appearance of her daughter Isabel at one of the leading theatres. Her youngest daughter, Miss Virginia Francis, is playing a round of comedy characters at the Park Theatre in this city. I fancy it is rather discounting the prospects of Mrs. Bateman's Summer season at Sadler's Wells for The Danites to come West. It is positively settled, however, that they are to do so. Mr. Rankin is quite a popular gentleman already among artists and play-goers.

Nothing is more singular than the different opinions expressed by Americans as to the acting of Henry Irving and his chances of success in New York. Rankin admires him immensely. He is as enthusiastic about him as Fanny Davenport was. Abbey doubts whether New York would like him at all. Mr. Irving does not intend to challenge an American verdict this year, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. On the other hand, if Charles Warner sees his way, it is probable that instead of making a tour this Autumn in the English provinces, he will visit New York in September. In that case he would like to fill up his Fall engagements to the end of the year in other leading cities. I predict for Warner a brilliant success whenever he plays in New York. His Coupeau is sufficient to galvanize Drink (which it seems has failed with you) into vigorous life. Warner is the strongest and best all round actor in England. He is as good in romantic and poetic roles as he is in the realistic drama of the streets and the gutter.

REEVES.—The greatest English tenor of modern times, as he is called, is about to retire from the stage. The musical public are invited to speed the parting guest, Mr. Sims Reeves, and welcome the coming one, Mr. Herbert Reeves, his son. The latter made his debut at St. James's Hall last week. The young man bears the burden of a great name, and it is said that he resembles his father seen through the wrong end of a telescope, with a voice like that of his progenitor heard through the wrong end of an ear trumpet. The papers gush violently about the future of the young man.

A View from the Lakeside.

[Chicago Tribune.]

It will be seen * * * that every manager cannot view the past season as one of remarkable prosperity; and the public can certainly not look back with great delight upon the sum total of mental gain and intellectual culture found in the accrued productions of the year. To the credit of our playgoers be it said that four of the largest engagements were those of Adelaide Neilson, Mary Anderson, John McCullough, and Robson and Crane. From the comparatively light business of previous visits, McCullough found when he opened last September at Haverly's that he had become a popular idol. Three years ago his audiences were very meagre: the houses during the last engagement were filled by the best patrons and by the students of the drama, who recognized that the mantle of Forrest had fallen upon him, and that from his shoulders it hung in graceful folds, that in the mere mechanical portion of his work there was the brilliant polish acquired only by arduous study, and that in the reading of the text and the interpretation of such roles as Othello, Richard III., Virginius, Spartacus, and even Hamlet, he gave evidence of an intelligence and an imagination that had been made broader and richer by the mellowing influences of time. McCullough deserves his success, for he has earned it as every one must who seeks true fame in any department of art—by persevering endeavor.

The next notable engagement was begun at Hooley's on October 6, by Robson and Crane, who appeared in The Comedy of Errors. At the time we fully discussed the merits of the assumption, and will merely say here that it is doubtful if any other two comedians on the American stage could have carried this, to the general public, most uninteresting of Shakespeare's comedies, through two seasons. They not only did so, but accumulated a small fortune from it.

Mary Anderson achieved a triumph unlooked for by her when she appeared at McVicker's in October. Considering her years and the disadvantage she has labored under in stepping from private life into the most exacting roles, Mary Anderson is an astonishing woman, and to-day occupies a place upon the stage attained by none that we can remember in the whole history of the drama,—previous training taken into account. Yet she has much to learn before she is fairly entitled to the place she now holds in the public affection. Her art is crude, her gesture is often inappropriate, her action awkward, her grasp of the thoughts and meanings of master minds is yet superficial, and she has not yet displayed that insight which reaches down and touches the fundamental springs of human character. When all this has been learned, when that mental discipline has been acquired, and when the routine of theatrical art has been mastered, when she sympathizes more deeply with her heroines, and breaks through the coldness found in nearly every assumption—Julia, Juliet, the Countess, and Pauline,—she will then have earned the name of the American Rachel, which some of her too enthusiastic admirers have already given her. Her ambition aims at the highest position. She is phenominally gifted physically for her profession. Time and experience perhaps will do the rest.

It was also at McVicker's that Adelaide Neilson, in the month of December, played, and the success of her engagement was a creditable proof of the public intelligence. At the time her performances were announced as her last in this city, and since then her permanent retirement from the stage has been emphasized. There are certain rumors afloat, however, which point to a probable reconsideration of her determination, and if we understand anything of Neilson's disposition, we may predict that these rumors will prove true. The union between her and her profession is too strong to be broken at her age, her mind is too active for retirement, and the honors and rewards are too easily won now to be lightly relinquished. She may retire for a season, but she will blossom forth again. And it will be well for the stage and for the public, for her work, characterized by imagination, womanliness, tenderness, truth, is productive of the highest influence for good.

The success of these artists in not only this city but throughout the country proves the indestructibility of the drama. Popular appreciation in the higher drama must always remain so long as the elements of human nature are unchanged. The trouble is not the decay of popular appreciation, but the decay of artists endowed with true dramatic power on the stage, and whenever those artists make their elevating appeal to the public heart a response is found warm and spontaneous.

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Glancing at the revivals, the truth is made apparent that the taste for old comedy has become either extinct or the race of actors capable of portraying the gay gallants and the fine ladies of these favorite works have ceased to exist. Is the latter reason the correct one, or is it true that the fashion of comedy passes away with the fashion of the men and manners it presents? We believe that were a manager bold enough to carefully select a company capable of summoning "from the shadowy past the forms that once have been" upon the old comedy stage he would make a success of it.

RETORT CORDIALE.—A half-brother of Mr. Webster, the celebrated actor and manager of the Haymarket, played at Drury Lane under Macready, and in the bills was called "Mr. Webster." Webster wrote on this to Macready to ask that the Christian name of his half-brother should be added, the word "Mr." without addition being always applied to the head of the family. Mr. Macready refused. A short time after, Webster's box-keeper, noticing in Great Pulteney street a sign inscribed "Macready, tailor, etc.," offered, to the surprise of the tailor, to engage him to play the Beast in Beauty and the Beast, about being produced at Covent Garden. He consented, and in the bills of the time will be found: "Beauty, Mme. Vestris; the Beast, Mr. Macready."

NOTICE.—The credentials of correspondents of THE MIRROR expire on the 30th of this month. Communications requesting a renewal must be accompanied by the credentials for the season now closed.

Concert on Board the "Egypt."

A grand concert was given by the passengers on board the above on Saturday, June 5, for the benefit of "Seamen's Orphans." Captain Grogan had the entire deck enclosed with cannon and flags, and the piano brought up from the saloon. The professionals who took part were Lotta, Hudson Liston, Thomas J. Ryan (Kelly and Ryan), Clement Bainbridge and Charles Webb. The following was the programme:

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

Song, "Lord Ramsay".....Mr. Aspinwall
Duett, "Mr. and Mrs. Malone"..Messrs. Ryan and Crabtree
Song, "It Makes a Man Look Such a Fool" Mr. Francis
Song, "Only to Love Her".Clement Bainbridge
Popular Airs on the Dulcimer....Mr. Webster
Recitation, "William Tell".....Mr. Webb

PART SECOND.

Song, "Ye Merry Birds".....Prof. Lauman
Recitation, "Somebody's Mother".Mr. Hudson Liston
Comic Song, "The Flower of Maghartly, Oh," Mr. Ryan
Plantation Songs,..... ..... Miss Lotta and Co.

A collection will be made at the close in aid of Seamen's Orphans.

During the evening Hudson Liston (who acted as stage manager) made the following remarks:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: There will now be an intermission of ten minutes, for the purpose of taking up a collection in aid of the Seamen's Orphans' Institution at Liverpool. I have had the pleasure of taking part in a similar entertainment on board another vessel, and I speak from experience when I say that no more worthy, humane, or charitable object could be offered for your benevolence. We have watched with silent admiration the poor sailor toiling day and night at sea to support his little family on shore; but let us paint the other side of the picture. This poor sailor, in the discharge of his duties, meets with a watery grave. The little family are left fatherless, penniless, and the only resort for them is the Institution for whose benefit we ask your assistance to-night. I trust the amount collected may reflect credit on the passengers of the steamship Egypt.

LA GEORGES.—When old King Louis of Bavaria was in Paris, several years ago, he heard that la Georges was to appear, and conceived the idea of visiting her beforehand. He saw her in the morning without paint or powder, covered with wrinkles, and lustreless eye. Disenchanted and mournful, he left this venerable ruin. It seemed impossible to him that this broken-down old woman could produce an impression otherwise than disagreeable on the spectators. Curiosity, however, drove him to the Porte St. Martin, where the Tour de Nesle was to be performed. Louis could not believe the evidence of his eyes; it seemed incredible to him that the unlovely form of the morning should have become the superb Marguerite. "Your Majesty may then convince yourself that it is I," she sent word to him, after the King's doubts had been reported to her; "you will see that everything about me is sham, even to the gems that I wear." Thereupon Louis visited Marguerite of Bourgogne in her dressing-room, and told her what a great artistic treat she had afforded him. On the following day he sent her a magnificent parure of precious stones, which she preserved many years. These were the last gems that she received. She died in Passy, a suburb of Paris, not far from Rossini's house. The inhabitants of this place during the last days of her existence could see this woman who had been admired by three generations slowly dragging herself along on pleasant Summer days, followed by two white spaniels.

M. Coquelin is expected in London the first part of July. He will be accompanied by Mmes. Broisat, Baretta, and Lloyd, and by MM. Thiron and Coquelin (Cadet). The representations he is to give will be from the Aventuriere, Tartuffe, Gringoire, L'Etourdie, Le Depit Amoureux, Oscar; ou, le Mari qui trompe sa femme, and Faute de s'entrendre.

JACK AND I: A RETROSPECT.

Ah! fondly my heart is inclined to remember
How bravely we stood by each other when boys;
When the ardor of August, and chills of December,
Still found us as one in our sorrows and joys.
How we cherished the precepts our mothers had taught us,
And covenants made to be "good like a lamb;"
And then, with the hooks and line father had bought us,
Played hags, and went fishing in Tumbling-Run dam!

Full often I muse, and recall me the era
When listening to fairy tales filled us with mirth;
When Schoolmaster Jones seemed a horrid chimera,
And multiplication the worst thing on earth.
How we peppered dear grandmother's mock-orange posy,
And stood by demurely, her sneeze to bewail;
Then moistened with turpentine pussy-cat's nosey,
And tied a tin pan on the poodle-dog's tail.

I say, Jack, how can you stand facing those judges
And jury in court with such dignified mien,
And plead in that will-case, involving old grudges,
As if such a madcap you never had been?
Don't it pop in your head, while expounding your Blackstone,
How, oft in the past, we played, round after round,
At mumbly-peg, marbles, or white-alley jackstone,
And pulled with our teeth the peg out of the ground?

As for me, when I soberly feel people's pulses,
And gaze at their tongues with a serious eye,
To see what it is that their system convulses,
And how it convulses, and wherefore, and why—
Then rises the swift recollection within me
Of how we baked mud-pies, Jack—rare and well-done;
And when in their optics I look, you may skin me
If I don't see a cute little imp in each one.

And now, Jack, let's think of our own youthful scions,
Who are booming along on the race-course of Time;
Elated as whelps of society's lions,
And as yet not inflated with projects sublime.
Before we would wish them old heads on young shoulders,
Let us gaze retrospectively back on ourselves;
And thus constitute most efficient beholders,
How the thing can't be done with such mischievous elves.

—[C. H. H. in Puck.

DRIFTWOOD.

Ethiopian minstrelsy, as it is commonly called, is not nearly so popular as it was ten or fifteen years ago; the public having been somewhat satiated with its extravagances and sham negroisms. The kind of minstrelsy we have to-day is very unlike that of the past, being more refined and strictly musical than of yore. This sort of amusement raged in all the cities and towns of the country, and had an extraordinary run for a quarter of a century. It is nearly 40 years since the first troupe was formed here, and it is remarkable that most of the leading minstrels have, notwithstanding their pecuniary prosperity, died very poor. The burnt-cork performers have been prone to rapid courses, and have used up their financial and physical substance prematurely. Edwin P. Christy, who was the pioneer, founded the original Christy Minstrels at Buffalo in 1841, and played at Mechanics' Hall, in this city, for several years to crowded audiences. He made $150,000 at the business, and finally committed suicide, after losing almost everything, by leaping from a third-story window. His putative son, George N. Christy (Harrington), was the first representative of female parts, such as Lucy Long and Lucinda at the Soiree; had a large salary, and managed several companies successfully, but he died here in great poverty. Dan Bryant (O'Brien) of Bryant's Minstrels, the most noted of the three brothers, began in 1850, played for twenty years, made a fortune, and got entirely rid of it. After his death, benefits were given, and subscriptions taken up for the support of his family. W. W. Newcomb (Combs), author of the burlesque lecture on Woman's Rights and other popular absurdities, member of the once very succesful firm of Rumsey & Newcomb, visited England and Germany professionally, had a showy cottage at Saratoga, and cut a grand figure in his way. He ran through his money, was obliged to depend on a salary as a subordinate performer and came to his end here in penury. The expenses of his illness and burial were borne by his former agent, N. D. Roberts. H. S. Rumsey, his partner, a famous buffoon and banjoist, went up and went down like the rest. Having been paralyzed, he was taken care of by relatives at Newburgh, on the Hudson, and was aided by his fellow-showmen until the close of his wretched days. Sam Sharpley, (Sharpe), distinguished as a jester and end-man, proprietor of Sharpley's Minstrels, known as the Ironclads, a great card in his day, made ducks and drakes of his large earnings by petroleum speculations, patents, and other ventures, and died at Providence, R. I. G. Swaine Buckley of Buckley's Serenaders, a very versatile performer, and creator of burlesque opera, played in New York season after season to t' ronged houses. He gained and lost a fortune, went into bankruptcy, started again, and again failed. He died at Quincy, Mass., last year, almost penniless.

Eph Horn, of great note in various troupes in his day, commanded big salaries, but was so improvident that members of the calling had to bury him in one of the Metropolitan cemeteries. Billy Manning of Emerson & Manning's company, an eccentric delineator, filled his purse and emptied it, and when he went to his grave in Chicago, his friends paid for his funeral. Billy Morris of Morris Brothers, mimic and vocalist, let all his profits slip through his fingers, drifted into a lunatic asylum, was provided for by his brothers until Boston furnished him with six feet of earth. William H. Delehanty was one of the last of the negro comedians to be buried by his guild, and yet he had earned for years $300 a week as dancer and singer. He was the author of the popular trifle, "Shoo Fly." Nearly all the ways of the Ethiopian minstrels seem to lead to prodigality, dissipation, and the need of sepultural benevolence.

A curious practice had obtained in Wigan, Eng., for some years, and its annual recurrence came round during our stay there. It was the custom of the entire population (or close upon it) to make a general holiday of one Summer's day; and instead of spending their holiday and their money in their own town, all the good people cleared off by early morning train, lavishing their earnings at a distance, and returning to Wigan late in the evening, too late at all events to come to the circus.

My friend Mr. Jonathan Hallam, landlord of The Three Crowns, in discussing the approaching festival with me, complained of the loss thus inflicted upon the tradespeople of the town; indeed it touched his pocket, and his interests and ours were thus identical.

I said to my friend: "We must not let them go."

"That's all very fine," replied Mr. Hallam. "But how are you going to keep them here?"

"We must try what can be done," I answered; adding after a little reflection: "I suppose you have various benefit societies in the town—Odd-Fellows and the like?"

"O dear, yes; any quantity of them. There are Odd-Fellows and Forresters and Shepherds, and trade societies of all sorts. What about them?"

"I'll tell you, Mr. Hallam. These societies must take it into their heads to make a grand 'walking day' of the coming holiday; a monster procession must be organized; and Mr. Ne some must be asked to allow his company to join the procession with their horses and band; and then the town must be paraded with banners and flags and music; and I'll warrant you won't find many folks leave the town THAT day."

Mr. Hallam at once approved of the idea; and being a gentleman of considerable influence, and well-known in the town, he set to work in the proper quarters to initiate the movement, and to make it public by means of advertisements and placards.

On the appointed day, the streets of Wigan began at an early hour to assume a decided holiday aspect; but it was at first uncertain whether the bulk of the pleasure seekers were bent upon wandering forth, as in other years, to spend their holidays in other towns, or staying at home to witness the unwonted scene of the grand procession. But as the day wore on, a universal bustle was observable about the streets; men with a colored rosette in their button hole, or otherwise 'dressed in a little brief authority,' were hurrying to and fro, full of the importance of the occasion; while the rank and file of the different societies soon commenced to troop steadily from various parts of the town toward the spot at which the procession was to form into line. Then the crowds of holiday people began to throng the streets through which we were to march; and by the time fixed for the start, it was abundantly evident not only that Wigan had stayed at home to a man, but that hundreds, perhaps thousands of visitors had poured into the town from the whole neighbouring district. The procession started, and perambulated the thoroughfares as arranged beforehand, our company in full parade bringing up the rear, while our band enlivened the proceedings with music specially selected for the occasion. The town held high revel all the day; and when evening came, instead of finding ourselves without an audience, as we certainly should have done without this staying of the yearly exodus, our trouble in connection with the procession was amply repaid by a crowded house.

N. Y. Sun interview: "In New York I have had a wonderfully wide range of pupils, some of them even women who rate well in good social circles for their supposed intellectuality, thanks to their feminine smartness in making superficies seem to be solids. One of our best known actresses of the emotional school, with whom I have been acquainted for years, declares privately that she never had any education at all. I have never seen a note written by her and never knew anybody who had. She always gets somebody to write for her or sends a verbal message. The fact is she could not write a single line without betraying her ignorance, and so long as she keeps from that she passes for a very bright woman of no small degree of cultivation. But she says she is too old now to learn anything but what she 'picks up.' Some years ago there was a very able actress in this city, a favorite with the public, who was positively unable to read, and only learned her roles by having them read to her; and I know of one actor, who plays leading parts and with no mean ability, who finds himself most severely taxed if he is called upon to write anything more than his own name.

"A very beautiful and distinguished looking young woman came to me once for instruction in the elementary branches, reading, writing and arithmetic, of neither of which did she know anything whatever. She had been coming to me for lessons during several months, and made very rapid progress. One day, she entered my rooms while I was out, and when I got home a little later, I was surprised by hearing as I entered the street door a magnificent and highly cultivated voice singing, with an accompaniment charmingly executed on my piano. I cannot tell you how surprised I was when I found that the fine pianist and trained vocalist was my pupil, who had known nothing of 'the three R's—reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic'—when she came to me. Until then I had never even known her name, and had supposed from her rich attire and modest manner that she was a young girl from the lower classes, who had married above her station and was trying to fit herself to be a companion for her husband. But now she told me who she was. She was one of America's most gifted and famous vocalists, a concert singer of high repute, and had even made her mark in opera. From her earliest years she had been trained in music, and nothing else, and so it was that her education was of that anomalous character."

Edgar Allan Poe is at last to receive a memorial from his New York admirers. Born of actor parents his dramatic history has always interested the sympathies of the "royalties of our stage," and now Edwin Booth, Clara Morris and other prominent artists are to combine in giving an entertainment to secure a statue of the poet for Central Park. Of Poe, not long before he died, David Graham Adee writes: "He was below the middle height, and dressed in rather rusty black broadcloth. His collar was turned back, fully exposing the beautiful neck and fine, intellectual countenance. He wore his dark locks long and negligently; the broad massive brow commanded respect and reverence; the almost boyish face was ornamented with, in those days, the foreign appendage, only worn by officers, of a small mustache; and the superb eyes, large, deep-set and lustrous, burned with the godlike glow of genius."

The tomb of Virginie Dejazet has just been finished, a work worthy of the regretted actress. The monument is very simple and the design is in exquisite taste. A robin chiseled upon a cross, singing near a mask and broken lyre, symbolizes the light and graceful talent of the charming comedienne. Above the inscription we read in golden letters engraved on black marble these lines:

A DEJAZET.

Ton esprit, ton talent egalent ta bonte;
O Cœur d'or, tant de fois beni par la souffrance,
Ton nom sera toujours doux et cher a France,
Dont tu fus a la fois le charme et la gaite.

At the time of Dejazet's death a great number of her admirers sent epitaphs, and this one, which was composed by Anatole Lionnet, and of whose form and sentiment Victor Hugo approved, was chosen by her son and her friends. The actress counted at one epoch among her friends and adorers Arthur Bertrand, son of the companion of Napoleon I. at Saint Helena. She was supplanted by Rachel. At the Hotel Druot a few days ago the correspondence of these two illustrious women with Arthur Bertrand was sold. He is a specimen of Dejazet's style:

MY DEAR TUTOR: If there is still time, will you send me your carriage at 2 o'clock. I shall make my sad visit to this H——. I have sounded Nini. She desires a chaise chauffeuse or a watch. There. Yours, as yesterday, as to-night.

A miniature by Berny that Dejazet gave to Arthur Bertrand represents the actress at the age of 34. It bears this singular inscription: "When you shall love me no more forget not that I love you. 1834. February 4, 1841." Rachel called Bertrand "her husband," and signed herself, "Your little wife who adores you," or, "Your wholly loving little wife," and also, "Thy faithful little wife." A casual observer would have supposed vice versa—that the cold and passionless Rachel could never have written nor felt such expressions of endearment, and that the nonchalant letters of Dejazet would have been fitter attributes of the great tragedienne. But we have here a clever insight into feminine character. Rachel, whom we might suppose lauded by flattery and knelt to as a queen, possessed of a haughty and unbecoming nature, we find here playing the role of a gentle and worshiping wife, while Dejazet, apparently all heart, exhibits a very different disposition. Or, it may have been in her case, a touch of iciness brought on by jealousy, but with fire enough beneath it all.

Since John Brougham's death he has frequently been mentioned, as he had been, indeed, for years previous, as part author of London Assurance. Many persons think that he regularly collaborated with Boucicault in composing the comedy, and was denied any and all credit for his share in it. So many stories have been told about this that it is pretty hard to get at the truth, which, judging from the accounts, somewhat variable, given by the dead actor himself, is substantially as follows: At the time that Boucicault was engaged on his first piece—he was then in his nineteenth year only—Brougham and he had lodgings together, in London, and consequently saw a great deal of one another. The elder of the clever Irishmen was often in the room where and while the younger was occupied with his manuscript, and was constantly offering suggestions, as anybody who knew him can readily imagine he would do. Many of these suggestions were taken, the character of Dazzle was outlined as well as inspired by Brougham, and Dazzle is generally regarded as the best and most original personage in the play. It has always been thought very strange that a boy of 18 could have had so much knowledge of human nature and the ways of the world as London Assurance reveals, and this circumstance has increased the belief that he must have received some assistance, which might naturally have come from his fellow craftsman, 12 years his senior, and more intimate than himself with life and society in the British metropolis. Brougham never assumed to have written a line of the comedy; such aid as he rendered was in what may be called mental emanation. None of his works has shown any such talent as London Assurance. The same may, perhaps, be said of Boucicault's works, and it is not unlikely that his was a mind, as so many minds are, more suggestive than creative. He certainly has said cleverer things than he has written, and what he said it is wholly probable that Boucicault, a great absorber, made the most of, working it into the web and woof of his first and most famous comedy.

The Theatre: "This was the experience of a friend of mine (at Ober-Ammergau). He had secured at one of the cottages an inner room and was sleeping innocently one morning when the daughter of his host, an angel with fair hair in the Passion Play, came in to make a wondrous announcement in German, laughing all the time most heartily. The more the maiden chattered her German the denser (apparently) became my friend. I believe he understood every word. However, 'I don't understand,' was all the reply he made to the Bavarian angel. Whereupon the bedroom door was slyly opened about an inch, and a silvery voice made the following announcement in English: 'If you don't understand, sir, I must explain. We are three English ladies in here, and we are dressing. You must not come out of your room until we are ready, that is all!' Whereupon my informant remarked with the greatest courtesy: 'Quite so, my dear young lady, but I have an important engagement and want to come out. How long am I to remain here, and how am I to know when I am to be released?' "We will knock,' was the answer, and there he was kept until the mysteries were completed. That night when he went to bed the outer room was apparently deserted, but he heard an obvious giggling behind the bedroom door. Such are the ways of Ober-Ammergau."

"I wonder," sighed a young lady wearily at the Opera House last night, as she leaned back after an exhaustive fit of laughter at some of Neil Burgess' absurdities in the portrayal of that excessively funny character, the Widow Bedott, "if Neil Burgess is really a man or woman?"

"I guess so," replied her escort, as he wiped a broad grin from his steaming face, "or at least, that's what I've heard them say."

The young man was right, for he was there last night himself and knew what he was talking about. Neil Burgess is either a man or a woman—no doubt of it; but while, when at the hotel, he is as pleasant a gentleman as one can meet, at the Opera House in the character of "the lonely widder," he'd fool his own mother, so to speak. Nasby's brain created the Widow—on paper—and Neil Burgess created the Widow—in reality—and who is there who will not say that the two have not created laughter for not only the millions now, but also the millions yet to be?

The gallant man would raise his hat to the Widow Bedott, should he meet her upon the street, and this would also be right, for she (or he) is as perfect a lady as Neil Burgess is a perfect gentleman. The resemblance to the intriguing, querelous old widow is simply perfection, and the man who'd ask more would grumble when he got to Heaven.

Garrick's character was by no means perfect. Many faults were laid to his charge; and among others was his fondness of flattery. Murphy, to whom Garrick had given loan upon loan of money, accuses him of meanness. This charge, however, has been proved to be as unjust as it was ungrateful. On one occasion, Murphy was asked his opinion of Garrick. He replied: "Off the stage he was a mean, sneaking fellow; but on the stage"—throwing up his hands and eyes—"Impossible to describe!" Mrs. Clive was one night standing at the wing, alternately weeping and scolding at Garrick's acting; and turning away in anger, she exclaimed: "I believe he could act a gridiron!" Once, at a splendid dinner-party at Lord ——'s, they suddenly missed Garrick, and could not imagine what had become of him, until they were drawn to the window by the convulsive shrieks of laughter of a young negro boy, who was rolling on the ground in an ecstacy of delight to see Garrick mimicking a turkey-cock in the court-yard, with his coat tail stuck out behind, and in a seeming flutter of feathered rage and pride. In Lear, Garrick's very stick acted. The scene with Cordelia and the physician, as Garrick played it, was ineffably pathetic. The anathema in this play exceeded all imagination; it electrified the audience with horror. The words "Kill—kill—kill!" echoed the revenge and impotent rage of a frantic King.

Miss Sidney Paul Gill, author of the widely-known and popular hymn, "I Want to be an Angel," was buried last week, at Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia. Miss Gill was the daughter of the late Bennington Gill of Philadelphia. While her father was doing business as a merchant in Birmingham, England, sixty years ago, Miss Gill was born, the youngest of four children. She and her sister conducted a large boarding school for young ladies, and made a handsome fortune. They retired twenty-four years ago, when Miss Gill removed to Newark and took up her residence with Dr. Wilson.

The way she came to write the well-known hymn was this: She was a member of the Clinton Street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, of which Rev. Dr. Joel Parker was pastor. One Sunday they had an anniversary celebration, and between the morning and afternoon services Miss Gill wrote the hymn. It was read then for the first time, and afterward published and translated into several foreign languages. She wrote many other hymns, but this alone commanded attention because of its simplicity. Except the good it did, Miss Gill never realized anything from her composition.

Mlle. Laure Heymann, a charming Parisian actress, and a dashing young demi-mondaine, has had a lawsuit with the architects of her bath room. The bath-room of Mlle. Laure was a perfect combination of elegance, luxury and ease; there were Venetian mirrors, Smyrna carpets, Turkish rugs—everything brilliant and costly that can be imagined. One fine morning Mlle Laure was preparing to get into the bath, dressed like Mother Eve, when there was a loud explosion, and windows, mirrors, chandeliers fell about her with a tremendous crash. Mlle. Laure, thinly clad as she was, ran, with that modesty which is her chief characteristic, from the scene of disaster in great terror, and the valet, and the maid, and the concierges, male and female, opened wide their eyes on seeing this naiad rushing among them and seeking protection. It was afterward discovered that the gas-fixtures had been poorly put in and that this was the cause of the disaster. Mlle. Laure sued the architect and won. The architects ungallantly appealed from the decision of the courts, but the baigneuse has been successful again, and will receive an agreeably large sum as damages.

A dramatist sitting by a friend at a theatre, contrived to extract a handkerchief from his pocket and transfer it to his own. Presently a man behind him, tapping him on the shoulder, whispered. "Beg pardon; here's your purse. Didn't know you belonged to the profession; all right!" at the same time slipping into the amateur's hand the purse he had extracted from his pocket. The story may pass, for although honor among thieves has no existence, it is probable that regular practitioners act on the principle that dog should not eat dog. That they ever go an inch beyond that we do not believe, even though we have it on the authority of the Gaulois that Charles Dickens once lost his watch at a theatre in Paris, and found it at his hotel with a note running: "SIR—I hope you will excuse me; but I thought I was dealing with a Frenchman, and not a countryman. Finding out my mistake, I hasten to repair it by returning herewith the watch I stole from you.—I beg you to receive the homage of my respect, and to believe me, my dear countryman, your humble and obedient servant—A PICKPOCKET."

From an interview with Liszt: "We ceased to talk, and I had long been looking around for some unimportant object that I might ask for as a souvenir of this hour. At last my eye fell upon a common red lead pencil on the piano, by some newly-written music. I declared to Liszt that I would not leave till I had received from his hand some token in remembrance of this hour. He laughed, and said, without pausing an instant, "I have nothing valuable; I do not write in albums, and I have long been too ugly to be photographed; in anything else, gracious friend, I am willing to further your wish." From this outpouring of refusals, which I did not expect, I came to the conclusion that I was not the first who had made such a request; it, therefore, only served to raise my courage, and when I pointed out the insignificant pencil as the goal of my desires, the great master of music presented it to me in the most friendly manner."

At one of the recent Urban Club festivals George Cruikshank and Planche were present. The former, holding up a glass of water in his demonstrative manner, said to the latter, "Look at this, and look at me." The latter, in his usual quiet manner, said to Cruikshank, "My dear sir, I take a glass of wine at lunch, another at dinner, and after dinner I take my pint of wine, and sometimes at night my glass of grog; pray look at me."

M. Sarcey, the "coacher" of Bernhardt, last Summer expressed his astonishment at the knowledge of French displayed by the audiences which witnessed the performances of the Comedie Francaise in London. It is to be feared that in regard to the Dutch plays we shall not come off with such flying colors. How these plays are to be criticised is in itself a knotty problem. With one exception, no dramatic critic in London is acquainted with the language.

N. Y. Times: "Arthur Sullivan is reported to be engaged in the composition of another comic opera for production in this country next season, the libretto being by Mr. Gilbert. If these two accomplished writers will only profit by experience, and take to heart the lesson afforded by the comparative failure of The Pirates of Penzance, they will in all probability make a success of their new opera. The conditions of management in this country are not influenced by the traditions or customs of the English stage. If the public had been afforded an opportunity to know something of the words and music of The Pirates of Penzance, and to become as familiar with it as was the case with Pinafore, the former opera would doubtless have met with more favor. It is undeniably a more amusing and meritorious work than Pinafore, but no one has ever read the words or learned the music, and the result has been that it has not become so popular as it deserved to be."

M. De Beauplan has arranged for a brilliant season of grand opera in French in this country, beginning in New Orleans. M. Lablache, who was stage director in Cairo when Verdi's Aida was first produced, will be stage director of the company. M. Momus, late conductor the Opera Lyric in Paris, will be conductor of the orchestra. Mlle. Lablache, a daughter of the famous contralto of Mr. Mapleson's company, will be one of the sopranos of the troupe, and M. Jourdan, an artist who is highly spoken of, will be the principal basso. The company, it is stated, will be composed of 39 artists, 45 in the chorus, 55 in the orchestra, and 20 in the ballet.

Said a cynical lady one day up in the corner at a fashionable London "At home:" "To tell you the truth, I cannot bear to listen to gentlemen who in morning dress recite on the hearth-rug; it may be my bad taste, but they invariably make me laugh." And yet, it is observed, they soon take to the stage. There is Mr. Clifford Harrison, who harrows London drawing-rooms with the story of a fireman rescuing a family from destruction, has been playing Romeo at Sadler's Wells; and Mr. Beerbohm Tree, who is such an excellent mimic, is appearing as the Prince Maleotti in Forget-Me Not, at the Prince of Wales' Theatre.

Catalani and Jenny Lind only met once. Catalani fled from Florence in 1848 to escape the cholera and took refuge in Paris, where she heard Jenny Lind at a concert given by Lord Normanby. Some days after the entertainment she was sitting alone when a strange lady called on her. The visitor refused to give her name but was ushered into the room. Catalani rose, and the stranger advanced timidly. She was young, not handsome, but with an expressive face, over which played a most agreeable smile. "I am Jenny Lind, madam," she said after a little preliminary dialogue. "I am come for your blessing." It was given. They never met again. Catalani died shortly after of cholera.

What has become of Strauss, not the elegant and bewhiskered Johann, but the old Strauss, who used to inspire the cotillon at the Tuileries and the infernal chahut of the balls at the Opera? His joyous music brought him in money enough, but the bulk of his fortune comes from his land speculations at Vichy. Now Strauss has an apartment in the Rue Grammont, and spends his time in traveling about in spite of his seventy-four years, and buying bric-a-brac and objects of art. Strauss bought all the ornaments of the Jesuits when they were driven out of Switzerland.

A near relative of Mlle. Rachel writes to the Theatre to correct an error concerning the death of the famous French tragedienne: "Having read your article on the death of Rachel, I wish to correct an error you have made as to her 'maid named Rose.' As a very near relation of Mlle. Rachel's, I am in a position to state the true facts of the case. Rose has ever since the death of Mlle. Rachel lived with Mlle. Dinah Felix, her youngest sister, in the capacity of companion and friend. When I last saw her in Paris she was in perfect health. She is about seventy-seven years of age."

M. Victor Hugo is not wanting in gallantry. He usually kisses ladies at meeting and parting. He complains, however, that they are forgetful creatures. They say "Good-bye," and then come back with, "Oh, monsieur, forgot to tell you——"

In Paris the past season the Folies cleared some 210,000 francs, the Varietes 180,000 francs (chiefly with the Voyage en Suisse), the Nouveautes 80,000 francs, and the Odeon 50,000 francs.

THE CIRCUS PARADE.

The circus! the circus! The throb of the drums,
And the blare of the horns as the band-wagon comes,
And the clash and the clang of the cymbals that beat
As the glittering pageant winds down the long street.

In the circus parade there is glory clear down,
From the first spangled horse to the mule of the clown;
And the gleam and the glitter and glamour and glare
On the days of enchantment are glimmering there.

For here are the banners of silvery fold,
Caressing the winds with their fringes of gold,
And their high-lifted standards with spear-tips aglow,
Are the helmeted knights that go riding below.

Here's the chariot wrought of that marvelous shell
The sea gave to Neptune, first washing it well
With its fabulous waters of gold, till it gleams
Like the galleon rare of an argonaut's dreams.

And the elephant, too, with his undulant stride,
That rocks the high throne of a king in his pride,
That in jungles of India shook from his flanks
The tiger that leapt from the Jujubee banks.

Here's the long, ever-changing, mysterious line
Of cages, with hints of their glories divine,
From the little barred windows, cut high in the rear,
Where the close-hidden animals' noses appear.

Here's the pyramid car, with the splendor and flash,
And the goddess above, in a fluttering sash
And a pen-wiper dress; oh, the rarest of sights
Is this Queen of the Air in cerulean tights!
Then the far-away clash of the cymbals, and then
The swoon of the tune ere it wakens again.
And the capering tones of the gallant cornet
That go dancing away in a mad minuet.

The circus! The circus! The throb of the drums,
And the blare of the horns as the band-wagon comes,
And the clash and the clang of the cymbals that beat
As the glittering pageant winds down the long street.

—[Indianapolis Sentinel.

THE BERNHARDT FURORE.

STILL POPULAR IN LONDON—G. W. SMALLEY IN THE TRIBUNE—"MONSIEUR SARA"—THE SUIT AGAINST HER—MANAGER ABBEY'S MOVEMENTS.

Frou-Frou was produced on the evening of May 30, at the Gaiety Theatre, with Mlle. Sara Bernhardt as Gilberte. It was just a week since the same actress appeared as Adrienne Lecouvreur. Each part she played for the first time, so that London has witnessed within eight days two successive creations of two very famous roles by the first of living actresses. Creations in one sense they were not, since both parts have been played before. Rachel was the first Adrienne. Desclee was the first Frou-Frou. But they are creations in this sense, that Mlle. Sara Bernhardt not only has played neither before, but approaches each from a point of view distinctly original. It is the fashion—to my mind rather too much the fashion—to set up elaborate comparisons between the actress of to-day and her predecessors. A work of art, it cannot be too often repeated, is to be judged by the principles of art, and not by the conception of this or that artist. But Mlle. Sara Bernhardt has no cause to complain of the novel tests applied to her representations. That she should be contrasted now with Dorval or Doche, now with Rachel, and now again with Desclee, is a striking tribute to the versatility, the compass, the range of her genius. Mr. Clement Scott, commenting on her assumption of a character identified in the minds of so many playgoers with Desclee, remarks aptly that the public seldom reflects what an ordeal this is or how tremendous the responsibility. "Who ever dreamed of comparing Desclee with Rachel? and yet Sara Bernhardt is compared with both." In some points she is inferior to each; but it is simply astonishing to consider that in essaying parts so widely dissimilar as Phedre, Adrienne, and Frou-Frou, Mlle. Sara Bernhardt comes victoriously out of what Mr. Clement Scott well calls the ordeal which she voluntarily undergoes. To have come off respectably would have been a failure. In such a contrast there is no middle term between disaster and triumph. For an artist in the position of Mlle. Sara Bernhardt there is no such thing as a succes d'estime. If she does not carry her public with her it is against her—pitilessly against her. At every fresh experiment she must enter the stage with the song of Saul upon her lips:

> Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
> Or kingly the death which awaits us to-day.

Frou-Frou is a role in which every note is modern, and not only modern but Parisian—Parisian of the Third Empire. Every trait in her character, every line in the piece, bears the stamp of that frivolous, elegant, worldly, brilliant, and finally tragical life which made Paris, from the end of the Crimean to the beginning of the Franco-German war, the Armida's Garden of the world. It is a play in which the heroine is not an individual, but a type—a type which is, however, anything but an abstraction. Gilberte is a living creature, a highbred girl, overflowing with animal spirits, a wife who has married without love, whose passion is for dress, for amusement, for admiration; fatally wedded to a man whose serious theories of life have never taught him to impart a similar conception to the butterfly whose fate mingles with his. The sister (Louise), who might have saved her, becomes an unconscious rival. Paul de Valreas, who wooed Gilberte before her engagement to Henri de Sartorys, becomes, four years later, her lover; she flies with him to Venice; a month of delirium follows; then the husband, whom the blow had brought to death's door, appears suddenly on the scene; the lover is killed in a duel; the wife goes back to her father to atone for her sin by a brief period of devoted charity among the poor; falls a victim to her loving care of a poor old woman, and has just strength enough to be carried for a farewell to the desolate home of her husband and receive his pardon and die in his arms. It is the one serious drama of its authors, Messrs. Meilhac and Halevy; brilliant in dialogue, simple in construction, yet of sustained dramatic interest to the end. It was Desclee's most popular part, though she never reached in Frou-Frou the depths of passion which made her Princess Georges memorable to every beholder.

Sara Bernhardt's impersonation of Frou-Frou is, if a comparison must once more be drawn, less profoundly pathetic than Desclee's, but more imaginative, more intellectual and more passionate. I use the latter word, although it is certainly true that Desclee's acting was commonly much more full of passion in the common sense; that is, it was more emotional. The test scene in the play comes at the end of the third act. In the first two, Gilberte is a character which many lesser artists than Desclee and Sara Bernhardt could well depict. There were in both of them exquisite touches of girlish vivacity; in both the same hazardous playfulness in their raillery of the roue father; in both, the rehearsal of the amateur theatricals revealed the cleverness which enables an accomplished actress to assume a complete ignorance of her profession.

But the third act rises to quite other heights. Louise, who loved Gilberte's husband before his marriage, but has conquered her passion, has become an inmate of the house; she has taken charge of the family, looks after the housekeeping, watches over the son of four years, and discharges all those duties for which the volatile Gilberte cannot find time. Too late Gilberte perceives that her place as mistress in her own house has slipped away from her grasp. Her husband treats her as a plaything, albeit he devotedly loves her. Her boy is forever in Louise's charge. Her father is still occupied with ballet-dancers. Paul de Valreas has at last made her feel that his love is serious. She is touched by it, but struggles loyally against his and her passion. She orders him to quit Paris, and he promises to obey. Resolute to banish his image from her heart, she turns first to her husband, proposes to him that she shall resume her rightful place in the house, and offers to go with him to Carlsruhe, which she had refused when he was appointed Minister there. He puts aside her protestations with a laugh, and offers her a pair of new horses, as you would offer a box of bonbons to a child. The interview with her father is still more fruitless—no help to be had there. Her lover meanwhile arriyes to bid her farewell, and in the midst of this she learns that her son, whom she has sent for, has gone out with Louise. She parts with Valreas, nevertheless, entreating him to forget her, "but not too quickly." In the height of the exaltation following upon this scene, Sartorys returns. Gilberte tells him her sister is about to be married, and in his agitation at this news—which is true only to the extent that a proposal has been made—discovers, as she thinks, proof of his love for Louise. Sartorys, nevertheless, trying and failing to persuade Louise to accept, hands over the task to Gilberte, who sees also in her sister's refusal fresh proof of her love for Sartorys.

During all this act the tide has been rising. In every scene, in every word, in every gesture, you see Mlle. Sara Bernhardt, stung with humiliation at her position, scorned as she thinks, turning hither and thither for relief and finding none, but throughout restrained, resisting bravely every impulse of anger and jealousy. The art with which each successive mood is rendered is consummate. Her face grows white with pain; her body quivers with the prolonged torture; her fingers clutch nervously at the lace handkerchief, which is presently torn to shreds, her voice is at one moment a moan of agony, at another rings sharp and clear and hard, as the duel of words goes on with husband and sister. With the relief promised by the hope of Louise's marriage, Gilberte rushes with a cry of childlike joy into her father's arms, only to relapse into a more desperate distress as the hope fades away. Step by step the intolerable misery of her position makes itself visible, until at last she turns savagely, yet still with the splendor of womanly dignity in her manner, avows to Louise her love for Valreas, and cries to her, in a tone of irrepressible, defiant, hopeless agony, "Husband, child; you have taken all; you may keep all," and is lost from the stage, and lost forever from her home.

The audience which witnessed this performance was one of the most fashionable and least impressible you can imagine. But it was profoundly moved. When the curtain went down the silence for a moment was almost solemn, then the house rang with plaudits, repeated till Mlle. Sara Bernhardt had thrice appeared to acknowledge the homage offered her. I have only space to add that though this is really the climax of the piece, the remaining two acts held the audience still under the spell of the enchantress, and that the death scene—the fourth scene of the kind since she has appeared in London—was unlike any of the others, and full of melancholy beauty.

G. W. S.

"MONSIEUR SARA."

It was the witty and prolific Pierre Veron who gave the title which heads these lines to the brilliant actress who has once more crossed the channel to win fresh laurels in London. We do not for a moment doubt her success. She will be the idol of the day as she was last year, and, doubtless, enthusiastic correspondents of New York journals will write home wonderful letters describing the meeting between the Premier and Mlle. Bernhardt and "the contrast between the veteran statesman's powerful features and the delicate lineaments of the actress." Her dress, her habits, her eccentricities, her hotel in Paris, her dressing-room at the Francaise, her coffin, her dogs, her flowers, and her lovers, both effective, honorary and cast-off, will all be discussed in private and in public, in club drawing-rooms, and, according the New York correspondents, in the salons of high society.

Monsieur Sara Bernhardt deserves all the notoriety that has become attached to her name. As an actress she has charms of voice, of style, and of pose, as great as the more vigorous qualities of passion and rare intelligence. In "Hernani," where the role of Dona Sol is not very full, and where an actress of inferior talent would often find herself left to mope in a corner while the other actors are monopolizing the action, Mlle. Sara Bernhardt acts while she sits still. She puts such grace, such feeling, such sentiment in her simple poses that the eye rests upon her always as the character around which all interest centres. As an actress, then, Mlle. Sara Bernhardt has not her equal on the contemporary stage.

As a woman, those who know Mlle. Bernhardt pronounce her to be charming. She certainly has manners which, except when she loses her temper, are not to be surpassed by those of any great lady, even were she of the Court of Spain. Still, for the benefit of ardent youth, and as a warning to those who are unfamiliar with the illusions of the footlights, we may be allowed to say that, charming as she may be, Mlle. Sara Bernhardt has already passed the bloom of youth; she is, in fact, nearer 40 than 30. As a rule, by the time a man or a woman begins to grow famous, and to be spoken of as a rising young poet, actor, politician or what not, he or she has already reached a tolerably mature age.

It is as a plastic and pictorial artist that Mlle. Bernhardt particularly merits the masculine title which has been applied to her by Pierre Veron. When she enters her atelier she becomes a man, for a man alone would have that disdain of coquetry, that energy of will and that endurance. She handles the clay with utter disregard of the protestations of her rosy fingers. How did she come to have a desire to sculpt? We know not. Or, rather, what art has she not tried at one time or another? One day she had a passion for music. After having played Coppee's "Passant" she thought she might become a troubadour in real life. And so every night when she came home from the theatre, she began to thrum upon her guitar until she brought down upon her blonde head a collective complaint of the neighbors. Sara was then living in an apartment in the Rue de Rome, where she did not enjoy the aristocratic isolation of a private hotel. A new passion, however, took possession of her artistic soul at that time and she began to sculpt. Next came the passion for painting, under the influence of which she now lives. Sara's painting does not inspire wonder and astonishment. In her painting, as in her sculpture, she has one good quality, and that is conviction. For several months before the opening of the salon she used to spend a part of her day in the atelier of Alfred Stevens, who was her master in painting as Matthieu-Meusnier was in sculpture. The picture which she has exhibited in the Salon, "La Jenne Fille et la Mort," represents a young girl clad in pink, with emblematic flowers in her hands, gazing fixedly before her, while Death, enveloped in a white veil, cranes his eyeless skull over her shoulder. We confess that we do not understand the meaning of the picture, which is certainly not calculated to engendrer la gaite. The envious who profess to see frequent traces of Alfred Stevens' brush in this strange composition do not, we think, pay any compliment to that exquisite master.

However, such as she is, Mlle Sara Bernhardt or Monsieur Sara Bernhardt, according as we speak of the woman or the artist, is a remarkable creature, and now that she has left the Comedie-Francaise she will perhaps have more time to develop her various talents. Hitherto the days have not been long enough for the needs of her manifold activity. She used to rise at 5 o'clock in the morning and retired to rest at an hour which has remained unfixed. Last year, just before she went to London, Sara engaged a mistress to teach her English. "At what time shall I come?" asked the mistress. "Oh, about 1 o'clock—after the theatre. All the rest of the day is taken up," was Sara's reply.

THE CIVIL SUIT.

The Bernhardt case came on for hearing last Saturday, before the First Civil Tribunal of the Seine. "Civil" is, in this case, a mere figure of speech, for the uncivil things said of Mlle. Bernhardt by Maitre Allou, M. Perrin's counsel, and calmly listened to by the Judge, would have made that refractory artist's ears tingle with indignation could she have heard them. "No matter, however," said Maitre Allou, "her chastisement has begun already. From her place of voluntary exile she hears faint echoes of the applause that greets her rivals and successors, while her own talent is being gradually frittered away among second-rate actors, to win the undiscriminating applause of a public less delicate in its taste than our own." This is somewhat severe on the Londoners; still more so on the clever artists whom Mr. Mayer has engaged to support his star. M. Allou in trying to prove too much runs the risk of proving nothing at all. He wound up by demanding $60,000 damages and the seizure of the $8,000 odd left behind in the reserve fund of the theatre by the fugitive. "She can well afford to pay that," said M. Allou, "as she is to make $120,000 or $140,000 in America." Sara's counsel, Maitre Barboux, waxed quite poetical at one point of his speech. He compared his client to an airy creation of Shakespeare and described her as the daughter of Racine. He pleaded that she was ill and overworked when she ran off, and denounced the claims of M. Perrin as exorbitant. The Court deferred its judgment until next week.

MANAGER ABBEY'S MOVEMENTS.

The familiar figure of Mr. Henry Abbey of the Park Theatre and Booth's, New York, haunts the American Exchange in Europe and the Gaiety Theatre no more for the present. Gillig's will surely seem deserted now that the New York manager has gone to Paris; for Mr. Abbey has been "interviewed" daily at the Exchange by all the agents and friends of artists who wish to astonish New York in the Fall. Mr. Abbey has, however, had chiefly in hand one pet scheme—the engagement of Mlle. Sara Bernhardt to appear at Booth's Theatre. The contract is signed, and it is significant of the extending operations of Gillig & Co. that the whole of the arrangements in this matter have been conducted through the house now firmly established by Mr. Henry F. Gillig, who is doing remarkably useful work on the other side of the Atlantic. The terms "signed and sealed" between Mr. Abbey and the famous French actress are the deposit of $25,000 as guarantee or forfeit money, to pay salaries and expenses of the entire company and to Mlle. Bernhardt alone $1,000 per night. The American impressario has left London for Paris to complete detail arrangements for the departure of those members of the troupe who are in that city, Henry F. Gillig having charge of the necessary arrangements in London.

Bernhardt's repertoire is composed of Frou-Frou, La Dame aux Camellias, Le Passant, Phedre, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Les Pattes de Mouche, Tartuffee, Jean Marie, Ruy Blas, and L'Etrangere, in some of which she has never appeared before a French audience. She has carte blanche for the composition of her troupe, which will probably include some of the artists now playing with her in London, and you may be sure that she will make good situations, being so convinced of her own superiority to every other actor or actress in the world that she will not imitate Faure, who stipulates that none but mediocrities shall ever be cast for the same piece that he plays in. Sara had nearly come to terms with the Vaudeville, but its 1,000 francs per night were refused for the more tempting offer of Manager Abbey.

Then and Now.

On Saturday, June 5, Mr. Gye gave a concert at Albert Hall, with Albani, Lasalle—his whole troupe, in fact, except Adelina Patti—and made $3,580, taking $1,000 at the door. M. Kuhe gave his concert on Saturday last—exactly a week after—at the Albert Hall, with some singers, plus Adelina Patti and himself, and made £1,400, of which he took £400 at the door. Artists certainly get paid nowadays. What a contrast there would be between the modern operatic salary list and such a one as that published by Mr. Moy Thomas in this week's Budget. He has been favored with the manuscript salary list of the Queen's Theatre, Tottenham street, now the Prince of Wales', for operatic performances under Macfarren's direction in 1831. The entertainments were high class, including Handel's Acis and Galatea. The celebrated Mrs. Glover is credited with £3 weekly salary; Mr. Bedford, a reputable opera singer, received twenty-five shillings weekly. The highest salary was £8.

Richard Wagner is seriously considering an offer of $50,000 which has been made to him by an American manager for the purpose of inducing the composer to come to America and give a series of concerts.

JANAUSCHEK.—Janauschek is another who has been seduced by European charms, and is now on her way to pass the summer months abroad.

FOURTH OF JULY.—As the G. F. (Glorious Fourth) will be celebrated on the 5th of July in the year of grace 1880, correspondents are requested to send their contributions a day earlier for that week.

FISKE.—The Celtic Monthly for June says: "Stephen Fiske of the Spirit of the Times (the best sporting authority in America) has had a varied and romantic and interesting career, both here and in England. A man of brilliant parts, caustic wit, and rare felicity of expression, he condenses into twenty lines all that is worth saying about any play. I always read his work in the Spirit with a great deal of interest. I fancy him a good fellow, and so he is—yes, a thousand per cent. a better man than those who abuse him. He writes a very racy, dashing, humorous page in the Spirit, one of the most attractive pages in it. There are few men in the world to-day who understand dramatic matter better than Stephen Fiske."

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Hints for Playwrights.

The day broke clear and beautiful in New York.

In Chicago it broke a lot of fellows who thought wheat would go up. But of that more anon.

[Anon is a good word, and looks like it meant more than it does. Whenever you mean after a while, say anon.]

Up among the verdure-crowned hills that skirted the bank of the Hudson, making the river look like a thread of frosted silver, or a spilled dish of ice-cream on a green gingham dress, nestled a beautiful village.

The old wooden church, around which clustered so many memories both pleasant and sad, stood off by itself near a little grove of apple-trees.

The congregation stood off the preacher.

From the little tower of the sacred edifice came the pealing of the bell whose sonorous tones had so often summoned the townfolk to worship, and prayer-meetings, and tea-fights in aid of the pastor, and funerals, and weddings.

While the bell was pealing in the tower the man on the business end of the rope was also peeling. Even good clothes are a mockery when you are engaged in bell-ringing.

At last the bell stopped ringing.

[I know that is rather a cheap way to put it, and that Mrs. E. D. E. N. (and the balance of the alphabet) Southworth would never stop short of saying that the brazen-throated harbinger of peace ceased its clangor.]

When the echoes had died away there was nothing to be heard but the ceaseless hum of insects that is never absent in the country on a hot day, and the creaking of the grasshoppers' hind legs as they sat silently on the fence or lolled carelessly by the roadside, waiting for a potato-bug to come along.

For weeks the sun had beat down in pitiless fury on the town, scorching the flowers, causing the leaves of the more delicate trees to droop, and making it necessary to haul water to keep the ferry going.

It was pretty dry.

So was a young man who strolled up the main street. He had come from New York on the morning train, and discovered, to his horror, that there was not a saloon in the place. Alone, unknown, and in the presence of a rigid social law that would see his young life wither away ere it would allow liquor to be dispensed in the town! His situation was indeed a terrible one.

As he was wandering aimlessly by the principal Democratic grocery store in the village, in front of which was gathered a little knot of men whose ill-fitting black coats and peeled noses told that they were yeomanry with their Sunday clothes on, a girlish figure flitted swiftly past him. A competency of golden hair fell over her shoulders—[most authors would say wealth, but this girl's hair was a trifle thin, and I like to be accurate]—and as the summer-morning zephyr now and then wafted it aside, the most casual observer could not but notice an absence of collar. In one hand she held a new blown rose, and, as she walked, tossed it carelessly into the hot, yellow dust of the road. It was this action that caused the young man to observe her more closely. There is nothing very enticing about the back of a woman's head, unless it belongs to your mother-in-law and you gaze upon it as she departs for Europe; but as the eyes of our thirsty hero descended from the girl's head to the small of her back, and he got a good view of her face, quickly succeeded by one of pleasure.

He knew the dress.

It had belonged to his sister Beatrice, who had staked with it bright-eyed Jessie Junebug, who had been her maid at Saratoga the previous summer. It took but a moment for him to figure out that it must be Jessie inside the dress. With Jim (his name was Jim) to resolve was to act. Stepping quickly up behind the girl he touched her gently on the left shoulder.

She never noticed it.

Then he remembered that his sister always had her dresses padded in that place to make her look clipper-built. So he tried a new spot, and with better success. The girl looked hastily around, saying, as a blush suffused her countenance:

"Why, Mr. James."

"Jessie," said he, while a wistful look stole into his eyes, "you can do me a heap of good if you will. Tell me truly, girl, an' you love me, where can I get something to drink?"

Looking at him fixedly for a moment she said: "Something tells me that you are too good, too noble, too fly to deceive me. In yon house," pointing with her browned finger (which looked like a mild cigar) across an open square, "lives the nearest Elder. Need I tell you more?"

"I should say not," he said, and pressing into her sun-kissed hand two Kings' ransom (providing the pot was not a large one), he struck across lots for the place designated.

Did he get anything?

Reader, do you know any Elders? If you do, you can answer the question.

At the French Plays.

Brilliantly blossoming in the Gaiety Garden, glancing along the rows of stalls, I note, says London Truth, such roses and lilies, such waving golden foliage of hair, as only the enchantments of a Rimmel or a Rachel could produce. The more elderly the blossom the more liberally has been added the touch of red that only reveals more clearly the sunken cheeks and faded eyes. But even the youngest faces are not free from the smear of the rouge-pot nor the youngest heads from the fashionable dye of the day. Let me take in detail the figures in the row directly opposite our box. In the centre, a striking figure in gold brocade first catches the eye. The dress is exquisitely made, and expresses the wearer's perfect form as did the robe of the lissom Vivien. And what lovely hands and arms! Their outline, from shoulder to glove, is interrupted only by a tiny strap of gold cord. The face is worthy the form, and would be almost beautiful were it not disfigured by the "false colors" that are so glaringly apparent. And this is a bride of a few weeks, and only twenty! If they do these things in the green tree, what will they do in the dry? Well, for answer look to that old, old lady in emerald velvet and diamonds. She is a work of art—and of patience! Her face, ears, neck and arms are covered with a coating of something that resembles whitew ash, excepting that the latter carries with it a suggestion of cleanliness. Her eyebrows are carefully arched and penciled; the veins in the temples are painted; babyish curls of brown hair fall over the forehead and almost into the weary old eyes that may once have been brighter than the diamonds near them, but are not now.

The phrase "whited sepulchre" involuntarily darts into the mind which is divided between pity and disgust. Near her is a magnificent woman in black, whose dull, velvety folds are relieved by the glitter of uncut jet, which catches the light with every movement of the wearer. The soft, transparent pallor of her cheeks is refreshing to look at, after the terrible and ghastly figure of the ancient lady. This, surely, is natural, You have seen the lady a hundred times. She is one of the best known and handsomest women in London. Dark eyes, fair hair, small ears like folded rose leaves, shining shoulders, a supple gait and a glance that says even more than the owner means. If her complexion is artificial the art is so well concealed that it carries forgiveness with it. Here is a curious thing. Hair of two distinct shades on one head. "Is that the fashion?" asks my companion, and we look with interest on the phenomenon. The explanation dawned on us the same moment. The lady wore a toupee! A toupee is a false arrangement of hair, much affected in Paris by both men and women, providing in the latter case a fringe for the forehead, and the most charming little ripples of hair, which brush back among the natural and scanty locks. An American girl who once talked to me with artless freedom of her "scalpette" and "bangs"—interpreted toupee and fringe—claimed for her native land the merit of the invention, which "saves so much bother, and frizzing, and all that." Startling in its contrast of sallowness to the other faces is that of an æsthetic lady, leaning in an æsthetic and disconsolately crumpled attitude against the side of her stall. Her head, which strongly resembles a disheveled cocoanut, is unkempt, her waist is under her arms, and several strings of blue-green beads throw the yellow of her cheeks and neck into strong relief. Here, at least, is neither paint nor powder.

An episode of the evening threw into the shade as comparatively harmless and innocent all such external appliances. I had noticed in an opposite box a lady in a cream-colored satin and superb ornaments, who appeared more than half asleep. As I was coming out I encountered her. A gentleman in faultless evening dress was addressing her in a low voice. I heard him say, "Stand as straight as you can. The carriage will be here in a moment. You must stand straight!" A kind of despreate look was on his face. His companion was intoxicated! A few moments later he almost lifted her into a carriage which rolled away to one of the "stateliest homes in England," if home it can be called where the master shuns the eye of his own servants, knowing that they are aware of his wife's disgrace.

--May Fiske's Blondes struck Alton, Ills., last week, and Alton struck back. The conduct of the audience was simply disgraceful. The "girls" refused to perform until their salaries were paid. May took in the situation and the money in the box at the same time—and skipped. The brutal crowd assailed the women with stones and other missiles, and the police were compelled to escort them to their hotel on the double-quick to save them from serious harm. We had a better opinion of Alton.

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P. S.—The manager of this beautiful theatre has no connection with any circuit of managers, and can offer inducements to attractions that no other theatre in this city is large enough to afford. All communications should be addressed to the undersigned, the only authorized manager and lessee. ARTHUR LEUTCHFORD.

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NEW ORLEANS, LA. SEASON OF 1880-81.

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The above theatre is now being erected on the site of Hamlin's Theatre, and will be completed about the middle of August. It will have a seating capacity of 1,600, will consist of three tiers containing all the latest modern improvements, will be fitted in the most luxurious manner, and be in all respects the finest Theatre in Chicago.

THE EMMA ABBOTT GRAND ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY

open their Season at this House in September. Many other first class attractions are already secured.

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THEALL & WILLIAMS, MANAGERS.

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Pronounced by the Profession the best Theatre in Central Illinois. The only House having folding opera chairs. Seating capacity 1,000. Has six dressing-rooms, all finely furnished, four private boxes, parquet, dress circle, balcony and gallery, double the amount of scenery of any other House in the City. We have 500 feet of bill-boards in the very best locations. Will rent or share with first-class attractions on reasonable terms. Apply to TILLOTSON & FELL, Lessees and Managers, or C. R. GARDINER, No. 12 Union square, New York.

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Will play attractions on liberal sharing terms or rent. Address A. HILL & CO., Propr's.

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This grand building now in course of erection, in the centre of the city, will be completed by September next, in magnificent style, and will be by far the finest theatre in Indiana, and one of the finest in the United States. It will be on the ground floor, with elegant retiring-rooms, spacious lobbies and promenades, twelve proscenium boxes, fourteen elegant dressing-rooms, six wide exits on all sides of the auditorium, with comfortable seats for 2,000 people. Perfect ventilation, first-class stage appointments; scene-room with capacity for eighty pairs of flats; stage to rigging floor sixty-one feet high, with sub-cellar for dropping scenes, and in fact, all the modern improvements.

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This magnificent new building will be finished about the 1st of September, 1880. Five exits, all modern improvements. Seating capacity, 1,250. H. D. VAN WYCK, Sole Proprietor and Manager.

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ROUTE OF NEIL BURGESS WITH HAVERLY'S BEDOTT COMPANY.

June 21, Denver, Col., one week; 28th, Boulder, Col.; 29th, Golden, Col.; 30th, and July 1, Central City, Col.; July 2 and 3, Georgetown, Col.; 5th, Leadville, Col., one weeks; 12th, Cheyenne, W. T.; 14th, Ogden, Utah; 15th, 16th, 17th, Salt Lake, with matinee; 19th, Eureka, one week; 26th to 30th, Virginia City; 31st, Carson City, Nev. August 1 to 30, San Francisco. Four weeks' vacation in September. 31st, Pata Leuna, Cal. October 1, Santa Rosa; 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th, Oakland; 6th, San Jose; 7th, Stockton, Cal.; 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, Sacramento, Cal.; 13th, Nevada City; 14th, Grass Valley; 15th, Reno, Nev.; 16th, Carson, Nev.; 17th, 18th, Virginia City; 20th, 21st, Salt Lake City; 23d, Cheyenne, W. T.

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Stage eighty (80) feet wide and thirty-five (35) deep. Flats 19 feet high. Eighteen dressing rooms. For rent or sharing terms,

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The above towns are the best show towns in the State. We will play first-class combinations only for one or all the towns in our circuit. Address all communications to

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FACTS AND FIGURES.

Union Square Company, Twenty-eight Performances	$15,066 00
Lotta, Twenty-four Performances	16,434 25
Aldrich and Parsloe (Grant's reception against them),	5,168 75
Joe Emmet, Fourteen Performances	7,106 75
Minnie Palmer, Seven Performances	3,100 00
Tourists, Fourteen Performances	9,329 00

Princess Toto, Jarrett & Rice's Fun on the Bristol (last week better than the first), J. T. Raymond, Jos. Murphy, Tragedians of Kalamazoo, Berger Family, Annie Ward Tiffany, Augustin Daly's Combination, Harrigan & Hart, Charlotte Thompson, all played to fair business.

BOOKED FOR THE COMING SEASON:

E. A. SOTHERN, MINNIE PALMER, LEAVITT'S BURLESQUE COMPANY, RENTZ-SANTLEY NOVELTY COMPANY, FUN ON THE BRISTOL, JOSEPH EMMET, ETC., ETC.

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BEST SHOW TOWN in the STATE

Managers contemplating a visit to Texas will please note that I have severed all connections (other than friendly) with any pretended circuit, and will play first-class attractions on liberal sharing terms, or lease the house at a low rental. The insecurity of the old house has led me to entirely refit, reseat and place the Opera House in perfect condition, and managers will find it to their advantage to confer with my only authorized agents in New York, John A. Moninger or C. R. Gardiner & Co., 12 Union Square.

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LEFT FOR THE MASTODONS.

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40 ALL FAMOUS PERFORMERS 40

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MACAULEY'S—HAVERLY'S MASTODONS—The audience at Macauley's last night was even greater than the previous night, every aisle being filled, as well as every seat, and large numbers standing up. Several new features were introduced, and the crowd was enthusiastic.—COURIER-JOURNAL, June 16.

D. B. HODGES, General Agent.

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COMBINATION OPENS AT

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